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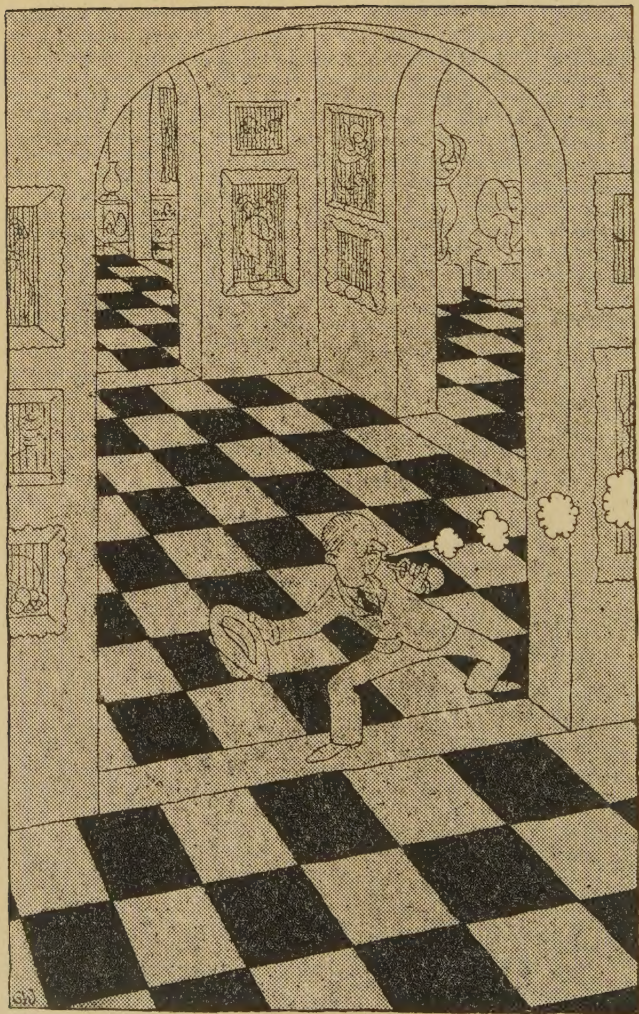
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PLUCK AND LUCK



PLUCK AND LUCK

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Author of "Of All Things" and
"Love Conquers All"

With Illustrations By

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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PLUCK AND LUCK

GOETHE'S LOVE LIFE

LOVERS of Goethe will rejoice in the recently discovered series of letters which have been added to the world's collection of Goethiana by Dr. Heimsatz Au of Leipzig.

Dr. Au had spent fifteen years searching through bureau-drawers and things for these missing links in the chain of the poet's love-life, and was at last rewarded by finding them in the pocket of an old rain-coat belonging to Hugo Kranz. Goethe had evidently given them to Kranz to mail, and the lovable old fellow had completely forgotten them. So the letters were never received by the people to whom they were addressed, which accounts for several queer things that happened subsequently, among them the sudden birth of a daughter in the family of Walter Tierney.

We must remember that at the time these letters were written, Goethe was in delicate health and had seriously contemplated suicide. At least, that was what he said. More likely he was just fooling, as there is no record that he ever succeeded. At any rate, not the Goethe of whom we are speaking.

There was a George Goethe who committed suicide in Paris in 1886, but it is doubtful if he was the poet. The first of the Au collection of letters was written on August 11, 1760, four days after Goethe had returned from his operation. It was addressed to Leopold Katz, his old room-mate in the Kindergarten. “. . . I have never been so sore at anyone in my life,” writes Goethe, “as I was at Martha last Friday.”

In closing Goethe promised to send Katz the flowered slippers he had promised him and bade him be “a good boy (*ein gutes Kind*).”

On November 26 he wrote to the Gebrüder Feigenspan, Importers of Fine Mechanical Toys, 1364 Ludwigstrasse, München:

“Gentlemen. . . . On September 12, I sent you a letter, together with fifteen cents in stamps, requesting that you send me for inspection one of your wheeled ducks as per your advertisement. Our Herr Rothapfel informs me that the shipment has never reached us. It is not the money that I object to, as fifteen cents in stamps is only fifteen cents in stamps, no matter how you should look at it, but it strikes me as very funny that a firm of your standing should be so sloppy in its business transactions. Please oblige.”

That is all. Not a word of his heart-aches. Not

a word of his emotional crises. Not a word of Elsa von Bahnhoff. In fact, not a word about anything but the wheeled duck. No wonder that, in January, we find him writing piteously to Lena Lewis, his teacher:

“. . . Well, Lena, this is a fine sort of a day I must say. Rain, rain, rain, is about all it seems to know how to do in this dump. And the food. Say! The worst you ever see (*sehen*).”

Thus we are able to piece together those years of Goethe's life when he was in a formative frame of mind and facing his first big problems. In the light of these letters several of the passages in “*Dichtung und Wahrheit*” which have hitherto been clouded in mystery may now be read with a clearer understanding. We cannot thank Dr. Au too much—if at all.

KIDDIE-KAR TRAVEL

IN America there are two classes of travel—first class, and with children. Traveling with children corresponds roughly to traveling third-class in Bulgaria. They tell me there is nothing lower in the world than third-class Bulgarian travel.

The actual physical discomfort of traveling with the Kiddies is not so great, although you do emerge from it looking as if you had just moved the piano upstairs single-handed. It is the mental wear-and-tear that tells and for a sensitive man there is only one thing worse, and that is a church wedding in which he is playing the leading comedy rôle.

There are several branches of the ordeal of Going on Choo-Choo, and it is difficult to tell which is the roughest. Those who have taken a very small baby on a train maintain that this ranks as pleasure along with having a nerve killed. On the other hand, those whose wee companions are in the romping stage, simply laugh at the claims of the first group. Sometimes you will find a man who has both an infant *and* a romper with him. Such a citizen should

receive a salute of twenty-one guns every time he enters the city and should be allowed to wear the insignia of the Pater Dolorosa, giving him the right to solicit alms on the cathedral steps.

There is much to be said for those who maintain that rather should the race be allowed to die out than that babies should be taken from place to place along our national arteries of traffic. On the other hand, there *are* moments when babies are asleep. (Oh, yes, there are. There *must* be.) But it is practically a straight run of ten or a dozen hours for your child of four. You may have a little trouble in getting the infant to doze off, especially as the train newsboy waits crouching in the vestibule until he sees signs of slumber on the child's face and then rushes in to yell, "Copy of *Life*, out today!" right by its pink, shell-like ear. But after it *is* asleep, your troubles are over except for wondering how you can shift your ossifying arm to a new position without disturbing its precious burden.

If the child is of an age which denies the existence of sleep, however, preferring to run up and down the aisle of the car rather than sit in its chair (at least a baby can't get out of its chair unless it falls out and even then it can't go far), then every minute of the trip is full of fun. On the whole, having traveled with children of all the popular ages, I

would be inclined to award the Hair-Shirt to the man who successfully completes the ride with a boy of, let us say, three.



You start with the pronounced ill-will of the rest of the occupants.

In the first place, you start with the pronounced ill-will of two-thirds of the rest of the occupants of the car. You see them as they come in, before the train starts, glancing at you and yours with little

or no attempt to conceal the fact that they wish they had waited for the four o'clock. Across from you is perhaps a large man who, in his home town, has a reputation for eating little children. He wears a heavy gold watch chain and wants to read through a lot of reports on the trip. He is just about as glad to be opposite a small boy as he would be if it were a hurdy-gurdy.

In back of you is a lady in a black silk dress who doesn't like the porter. Ladies in black silk dresses always seem to board the train with an aversion to the porter. The fact that the porter has to be in the same car with her makes her fussy to start with, and when she discovers that in front of her is a child of three who is already eating (you simply have to give him a lemon-drop to keep him quiet at least until the train starts) she decides that the best thing to do is simply to ignore him and not give him the slightest encouragement to become friendly. The child therefore picks her out immediately to be his buddy.

For a time after things get to going all you have to do is answer questions about the scenery. This is only what you must expect when you have children, and it happens no matter where you are. You can always say that you don't know who lives in that house or what that cow is doing. Sometimes

you don't even have to look up when you say that you don't know. This part is comparatively easy.

It is when the migratory fit comes on that you will be put to the test. Suddenly you look and find the boy staggering down the aisle, peering into the faces of people as he passes them. "Here! Come back here, Roger!" you cry, lurching after him and landing across the knees of the young lady two seats down. Roger takes this as a signal for a game and starts to run, screaming with laughter. After four steps he falls and starts to cry.

On being carried kicking back to his seat, he is told that he mustn't run down the aisle again. This strikes even Roger as funny, because it is such a flat thing to say. Of course he is going to run down the aisle again and he knows it as well as you do. In the meantime, however, he is perfectly willing to spend a little time with the lady in the black silk dress.

"Here, Roger," you say, "don't bother the lady."

"Hello, little boy," the lady says, nervously, and tries to go back to her book. The interview is over as far as she is concerned. Roger, however, thinks that it would be just dandy to get up in her lap. This has to be stopped, and Roger has to be whispered to.

He then announces that it is about time that he

went to the wash-room. You march down the car, steering him by the shoulders and both lurching together as the train takes the curves and attracting wide attention to your very obvious excursion. Several kindly people smile knowingly at you as you pass and try to pat the boy on the head, but their advances are repelled, it being a rule of all children to look with disfavor on any attentions from strangers. The only people they want to play with are those who hate children.

On reaching the wash-room you discover that the porter has just locked it and taken the key with him, simply to be nasty. This raises quite a problem. You explain the situation as well as possible, which turns out to be not well enough. There is every indication of loud crying and perhaps worse. You call attention to the Burrows Rustless Screen sign which you are just passing and stand in the passage-way by the drinking-cups, feverishly trying to find things in the landscape as it whirls by which will serve to take the mind off the tragedy of the moment. You become so engrossed in this important task that it is some time before you discover that you are completely blocking the passage-way and the progress of some fifteen people who want to get off at Utica. There is nothing for you to do but head the procession and get off first.

Once out in the open, the pride and prop of your old age decides that the thing to do is pay the



Before you discover that you are completely blocking the passageway.

engineer a visit, and starts off up the platform at a terrific rate. This amuses the onlookers and gives you a little exercise after being cramped up in that

old car all the morning. The imminent danger of the train's starting without you only adds to the fun. At that, there might be worse things than being left in Utica. One of them is getting back on the train again to face the old gentleman with the large watch chain.

The final phase of the ordeal, however, is still in store for you when you make your way (and Roger's way) into the diner. Here the plunging march down the aisle of the car is multiplied by six (the diner is never any nearer than six cars and usually is part of another train). On the way, Roger sees a box of animal crackers belonging to a little girl and commandeers it. The little girl, putting up a fight, is promptly pushed over, starting what promises to be a free-for-all fight between the two families. Lurching along after the apologies have been made, it is just a series of unwarranted attacks by Roger on sleeping travelers and equally unwarranted evasions by Roger of the kindly advances of very nice people who love children.

In the diner, it turns out that the nearest thing they have suited to Roger's customary diet is veal cutlets, and you hardly think that his mother would approve of those. Everything else has peppers or sardines in it. A curry of lamb across the way strikes the boy's fancy and he demands some of

that. On being told that he has not the slightest chance in the world of getting it but how would he like a little crackers-and-milk, he becomes quite upset and threatens to throw a fork at the Episcopal clergyman sitting opposite. Pieces of toast are waved alluringly in front of him and he is asked to consider the advantages of preserved figs and cream, but it is curry of lamb or he gets off the train. He doesn't act like this at home. In fact, he is noted for his tractability. There seems to be something about the train that brings out all the worst that is in him, all the hidden traits that he has inherited from his mother's side of the family. There is nothing else to do but say firmly: "Very well, then, Roger. We'll go back *without* any nice dinner," and carry him protesting from the diner, apologizing to the head steward for the scene and considering dropping him overboard as you pass through each vestibule.

In fact, I had a cousin once who had to take three of his little ones on an all-day trip from Philadelphia to Boston. It was the hottest day of the year and my cousin had on a woolen suit. By the time he reached Hartford, people in the car noticed that he had only two children with him. At Worcester he had only one. No one knew what had become of the others and no one asked. It seemed better not to

ask. He reached Boston alone and never explained what had become of the tiny tots. Anyone who has ever traveled with tiny tots of his own, however, can guess.

THE STORY OF A LADY WHO INTERESTED
ONLY HERSELF AND OF A GENTLE-
MAN WHO DIDN'T DO EVEN THAT

(After reading as much as possible of Michael Arlen)

THERE is a tale which is told in London about a young man (I had almost said "a young woman" but that would have been neither fair nor correct) who felt so strongly that all women were unfit for marriage that he married three of them at once. This, however, leaves something to be desired as an introduction to my little tale, as my little tale has nothing at all to do with young men in general or this young man in particular. It might have had, except for the fact that the young man was my mother. Which complicates everything. Or almost everything.

Eunice Lovejoy was so beautiful that it is related that it once pleased the King of Spain to kill himself for her. This may or may not be true, according to your feeling about the King of Spain. I have no feeling at all about the King of Spain, except that I do wish that he wouldn't wear fedora hats.

However, one never knows about such things, or rather, if one does know, one doesn't tell—that is, not if one happens to be Gordon Nevins and an English gentleman.

I had met Gordon Nevins in front of the Hartford Lunch, that retreat in London where one finds men who know the ting of the hot sands of Fraja on their cheeks and who also know that the syrup should be put in between wheatcakes and not allowed to soak in through the top. If that is being a cad, then Gordon Nevins was a cad. But a glorious cad, such a cad as I should want my young son to grow up to be if I had a young son, which I have not (God help him, and us too, for that matter).

"I thought that you were sailing tomorrow," I said. It was always safe to say that to Gordon Nevins, for he, like most other English gentlemen one meets in front of clubs, *was* usually sailing tomorrow, even if it were only to Tillbury Docks.

"Don't be an ass," he said. "I sailed yesterday. But before I go I have a story which I think will interest you. At any rate, it will interest me to tell it, and that is enough for any man to ask."

We stepped inside and I saw by his fingers that he had been crying. And when Gordon Nevins has been crying, you may be sure that God and his subsidiary angels have had a hard day at the office.

"You have seen Eunice Lovejoy?" I asked, for I already knew that he had.

"No," he answered, with unaccustomed prolixity.

"Then why have you got her dress on?" I returned. A cab drove up but we did not get in.

Now who shall describe Eunice Lovejoy of the silky lashes, of the eyes that pouted in the sun, of the ringlets blonde one year like flax, dark the next like those great nets the fishers use to catch sunbeams with, Eunice Lovejoy of the this and that? Her eyes were thus and thus, and her hands were those and those, but the song that she sang as she sailed her little boat in her tub, was the song that men have sung to women since the first young man looked behind him and found that his heart was broken. Or was it?

Archlake Turbot, or Gordon Nevins, or whatever it was we decided his name was at the beginning of this story, drew me down beside him onto the deck of the ocean liner.

"I was standing in front of Eunice Lovejoy's house only a half hour ago," he said, lighting the doorman's cigarette. "It was raining and I was wet. Or perhaps I should have said, I was wet and it was raining. I think that is why God makes the rain, Blashton (you are Blashton, aren't you?), I think that is why God makes the rain, Blashton, because

it is like a woman's tears. Horrible things, Blash-ton, women's tears. Horrible!" And he shuddered.

"As I stood there I felt someone at my side. It would be more correct to say that I *saw* someone at my side. He was one of those men whom one instinctively feels to be fat. He was wet too, for it was still raining. 'May I speak to you a moment?' he said. 'You have already,' I replied, 'and your moment is almost up.' This unnerved him and he fainted. When I came to, he was still standing there.

" 'I think that you will be interested in what I have to tell you,' he said. 'I have just come from seeing Eunice Lovejoy, and she was this and that.'

"Now of men who have seen Eunice Lovejoy when she was this and that there are less than a few, and so I gave him my arm. 'Tell me,' I said, 'tell me what you mean, and if you mean nothing, tell me that too.'

" 'I was in Eunice Lovejoy's apartment at a quarter past five' (it was then just five, so he couldn't have done much) 'and, as is the custom among men who are in Eunice Lovejoy's apartment at a quarter past five, I had just told her that I loved her.'

" 'Naturally,' I said. 'Go on.'

" 'How can I go on if you keep saying "Naturally," ' he whined. 'I had just told her that I loved her.'

“ ‘Naturally,’ I said. ‘Go on.’ ”

“ ‘Just then a man entered the room. I recognized him at once, for he was one of those men one recognizes at once no matter whether one has ever seen him before or not. But I had seen him before, God help me (and God help the sailors, too, while He is about helping people). Eunice was playing with a baby that she had just had. She did not look up. ”

“ “ ‘My dear sir,’ I said, “ ‘I think that you ought to know that I have just told Eunice that I love her. Here in England we do things that way. You ought to be the next to know in case there is anything that you want to do about it. I have loved her for a long time, for a longer time than it has taken her brown eyes to grow sad, for a longer time than it has taken her raven hair to turn blonde, and, if I may be so bold, I think that she has loved me at least half that long.’ ” Eunice said nothing, but looked thus and thus.

“ “ ‘I have known it all along,’ he said quietly, “ ‘and I have already made up my mind what to do.’ ” With that, he picked up my hat and walked out of the room. He never returned. At least I waited until half past five and he hadn’t returned then. Poor chap!’ ”

“It had stopped raining by this time, but I was

still wet. The fat man looked at me as if he expected me to say something. So I did.

“‘You are to be congratulated,’ I said, ‘if you have won Eunice Lovejoy away from her husband.’

“‘I did not say that,’ replied the fat man. ‘I simply said that I had won Eunice Lovejoy. It was, however, her lover from whom I won her. My name is Lovejoy. I am her husband.’”

Gordon Nevins turned and pulled in a fire alarm.

“That was a rather silly thing to do, Nevins,” I said. “You can’t possibly have a fire big enough waiting for the firemen when they arrive to pay them for coming.”

“Perhaps not,” he replied. “But I shall ride back with them. And I shall clang their bell as I go—Loudly,” he added.

The rest of the story is frightfully dull. But it is related how that night in Cavendish Square an owl was heard, and whenever an owl is heard in Cavendish Square it means that Eunice Lovejoy’s eyes are wet. And, God help me, what eyes they are!

ON THE FLOOR OF THE REEBIS GULF

Communication from the "Reasonably" Expedition

On Board S. S. "Reasonably,"

May 23.

THE progress of our expedition in the ship *Reasonably* to explore the flora and fauna of the sea-bottom of the Reebis Gulf has been quite slow, owing to the surprising amount of water we have had to drop through even to reach the bottom. This unexpected obstacle we account for in the early advent of the submarine rainy-season. The submarine rainy-season does not usually begin until late November, but this year, on account of the late Easter, it has already started in with a vengeance. This makes our nets damp and sticky and hinders our divers, who have to wear slickers over their already heavy diving suits.

We have, however, succeeded in bringing to the surface several good hauls of whatever that terrible stuff is that grows along the sea-bottom. "Gurry," we call it, but I don't suppose that that is the right

name for it. It is rather like a vine of some sort, except that it has a face.

Last Thursday, for instance, our scoop brought up to the deck of the *Reasonably* a mess of perfectly dandy things. There were some wee pelagic anemones, all rosy from their ocean dip, little cross-stitch barnacles, several yards of an herbage without a name and which I hope never *does* have a name, a small male watermelon-fish (so-called because it is full of seeds similar to those of a male watermelon), and a safety-razor blade. All these were taken into the ship's laboratory and thrown away.

We have, however, located one species of deep-sea fauna which ought to prove of considerable value. This is the submarine robin, or flying sponge. This interesting little chap was pulled over the side of the boat on Wednesday by Dr. Atemus and has kept us in gales of laughter ever since. It is really more like a sponge except that it has wings and has the song-note of a robin. It flies through the spaces under the water looking for worms, and when it has found one it flies back to its nest, where it deposits the tasty bit in the mouths of the little robins, who tweet with delight.

The worm itself is worthy of special note. These deep-sea worms are not at all like the angle-worms which you use in the States for fishing. They are

something in the nature of a button, and they walk erect. When pursued by the submarine robin they run at a great rate along the floor of the sea, scampering back and forth and dodging between rocks and bunkers until they are completely winded. Then the robin swoops down on them and carries them off, a kicking, giggling prey.

In the haul last Saturday, Dr. Wrensser, while poking among the crabs and shellfish which are part of every load, discovered a man named Harris, or Harrit. The man said that he didn't know how he came there, as he was not, and never had been, interested in shellfish and he actually hated clams (that is, to *eat*; he had no animus against clams). Mr. Harris, or Harrit, said that the last thing he remembers before finding himself on the deck of the *Reasonably* with the mess of crustaceans was walking up Seventh Ave., New York City, late in March. From then on his mind is a blank. We asked him if he wanted to go back to New York again, and, as he didn't seem to care much one way or the other, we threw him back in the ocean.

Next week, as soon as we get rid of this deep-sea rain, we hope to send down divers to see what there is directly under the *Reasonably* which keeps bouncing so. It is all right during the day-time, but along about eleven o'clock at night we notice a sort of agi-

tation which sometimes is so great as to jar the dishes in the scullery. We really haven't any idea what it is, and I should never have mentioned it at all were it not that I thought the folks at home would be interested.

Well, there goes six bells and I must close now. At six bells regularly each evening we have fire drill, and I am proctor for my corridor. Love to the Museum.

THE MUSICAL CLUBS' CONCERT

ENTER the pianist, very nervous. Loud applause.

Those in the audience who are seated at the sides, can see the Glee Club standing in the wings, adjusting dress-ties, making last-moment arrangements in clothing and slicking down hair.

The pianist strikes a big chord, just a little off. Enter Glee Club in single file, taking up semi-circular formation. Hands behind backs. Right dress! Much hitching to right and left.

The leader snaps his head up and down three times, raises his eyebrows, and the club crashes into what is described on the program as "‘Good Fellows All.’ A Winter Song by H. G. Smatterly, ’07."

(Second basses) *Zum-zum-zum-zum-zum-zum-zum.* (All the time.)

(First tenors) *Oh, here's a song to winter time!*

(Second tenors) *To winter time, to winter time!*

(Second basses) *Zum-zum-zum.*

(First tenors) *Pass the pipe!*

(Second tenors) *Pass the bowl!*

THE MUSICAL CLUBS' CONCERT 27

(First and second tenors) *Pass the pipe and pass the bowl!*

(Everybody) *Pass the-pass the-pass the-pass the pi-i-i-ipe! Pass the bowl, pass the bowl, pass the bowl!*

(1st tenors) *And here's to the jolly lass,*

(2nd tenors) *The lass, the lass*

(1st tenors) *Who greets us as we pass,*

(1st basses) *The lass who greets—the lass who greets*

(Everybody) *Us—as—we—pass.*

(Shouted) *Heigh-ho!*

Young ladies in the audience are frightened at the shouted "Heigh-ho!" and squeal delightedly. Loud applause, resulting in an encore, entitled "Old Man Murphey."

(Basses) *Oh, there was an old man named Murphey,*

(Tenors) *Murphey*

(Basses) *And he always wore a derby,*

(Tenors) *Derby*

(All) *With a hi-ho-hum, and a hi-ho-hum, and a*

(Very slow) *Hee-hi-ho!* (The basses take this, very low.)

Loud laughter at the low note and continued applause.

The next number on the program is a selection by

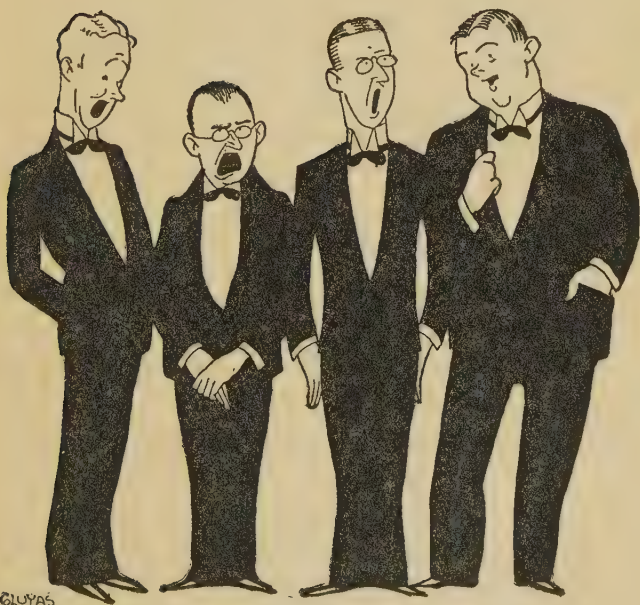
the Mandolin Club, entitled "The March of the Merry Grenadiers." The Mandolin Club has a great deal of trouble getting seated and tuned up. The pianist strikes "A" for three or four minutes, while the members of the club try to tune their "E" strings to it. They never notice the difference, although several of the more musical ones in the audience do. However, they are just boys.

"The March of the Merry Grenadiers" ends with a pistol shot from the trap-drummer, which throws the young ladies in the audience into a panic. As an encore, "The Scarf Dance," is played, pretty badly.

Third, we have a number by the University Quartet. The second bass is a senior, who is also very good at mathematics and looks it. He doesn't get much fun out of singing and no one has ever been able to find out why he does it. The first bass is slightly stewed, but still game, and has light hair which is quite wavy. The ladies like him. The first tenor wears *pince nez* glasses, and stands up very straight. He takes singing seriously and tries to use his throat as his teacher has told him. The second tenor is a big husk who looks as if he should be singing bass.

The quartet selection is entitled "Sleep, Ma Honey."

(1st tenor) *Doan yer want to sleep, ma honey?*



GUYAS
WILLIAMS

Third, we have a number by the University Quartette.

(2nd bass) *Doan yer want to sleep*

(All) *Down in de old corn pone?*

(1st tenor) *Lazy as a sheep, ma honey,*

(2nd bass) *Lazy as a sheep.*

(All) *Waitin' for de moon to rise.* (Not bad, tenors!)

(All hum) *M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m.*
(Imitation of sheep.)

There is a pause of half a minute indicating that "Sleep, Ma Honey" (billed as "a" in a bracket with "b") is over, and that if the audience will be very quiet they will hear "b" or "Here's to Old Rasher."

*Here's to Old Rasher,
Drink her down, drink her down!
The finest college in the land
Drink her down, drink her down.
No matter where the contest be
On diamond or on track,
We haven't the slightest doubt that we'll
put them all to rout.
Old Rasher, here's to you!—WOW!*

The young ladies in the audience, who seem never to tire of being frightened, squeal prettily, and there is general laughter and applause.

In order to give them time to recover, the Banjo

Club comes on and spends fifteen minutes tuning up. The weather being damp, the banjo strings are very temperamental, and some of them are never brought around to the right key. The fact that the left side of the club begins two beats ahead of the right side and adds another two beats to its lead during the selection, gives the unique effect of two distinct organizations each playing a different tune. The inclusive title for both sides, however, is "The Darktown Polka Parade," and it is in the nature of a patrol, beginning very softly, growing louder and louder until the parade is supposed to be right under your very window. Then it dies away again in the distance. The effect is stupendous and the audience is thrown into a fever of excitement necessitating an encore, the title to which is never divulged but which seems to be, every once in a while, "Old Black Joe," with variations. The variations win by a big margin.

The first half of the program ends with a rousing selection by the entire Glee Club, called "The Bedouin's Desert Song." The audience does not quite catch all of the words.

(This should be sung very loud—and is.)

*The sands of the desert are red with the glow
Of ages and ages and ranhahy,*

*But my love sings low and the fna glee bo
Of the washna-a- the desert is calling.*

(Very soft)

*Then come fneelybo le laroly
To the tents of Araby,
Where my love will sing to the loshy
And the king hikokishny melafney.*

End of Part One.

The second part begins with a recitation or piano-logue by the club's funny man. He is generally considered the wit of the college and it is rumored that he has already had offers from Ziegfeld to write and act in next year's Follies.

He seats himself at the piano and plays with one hand, turning his body to face the audience as he sings, or rather talks, to his running accompaniment.

*Oh, Mazie was a very fine girl
And she had a lot of beaux,
But you never could tell little Mazie to go
to—well,
Or to take the powder off—her—nose.*

This is considered dangerously off-color by the audience and is greeted with repressed giggles and

high approval. But they haven't heard *anything* yet.



"Oh, Mazie was a very fine girl."

*Oh, one day little Mazie went walking
With a Theta Beta Phi,
When she got back, one eye was black,
(Spoken) Not her eye, I mean to say, but
the Theta Beta's eye.*

For the encore, which is demanded, the funny man recites "Mrs. O'Tool Listens to the Radio," a monologue in Irish brogue, which is so terrible that we will make no attempt to reproduce it here. It goes very big.

The Mandolin Club appears next and plays a long concert waltz number, "The Skaters," if you must know. Each movement is played with repeats, the first time through very softly, the repeat very loudly. Just as you think they are nearing the end, they go back to the beginning and work gradually into the coda, with an ending containing eight up and down strokes on the same chord. The second mandolin, seated third from the left, makes it nine strokes for good measure. The club is too exhausted to give an encore, and the audience to call for one.

The quartet gives a tender note to the affair by singing "Absence from You," the chief virtue of which is that it is short.

*At night, dear heart, I dream of you,
At night, dear heart, the soft winds blow,
Come back, dear heart, to you I'm true.
Absent from you, absent from you-u-u.*

The quartet is then joined by the entire Glee Club for the final number which turns out to be the college hymn, "Rasher Days," by H. B. Humphrede, '04. All the undergraduates and graduates in the audience rise and join in as this is sung, while the ladies rise out of sympathy.

*When years have come and laid their hand
 On us, fair mother of men,
 We'll ne'er forget the days we spent
 Thy fair elms among.
 Oh, give us of thy wondrous grace
 That we may noble be,
 And let us ne'er forget thy face,
 Dear Rasher Universit-e-e.*

The leader then steps out into the center of the stage and leads the combined musical clubs in the regular Rasher cheer.

R-A-S-H

R-A-S-H

R-A-S-H

(faster) R-A-S-H-E-R

(faster yet) R-A-S-H-E-R

Rasher-Rasher-Rasher!

Frantic applause and an immediate verdict of "awfully good" for the whole thing.

WHOA!

PAUL REVERE leaped into his saddle.
“Through every Middlesex village and farm, Bess, old girl!” he whispered in his mare’s ear, and they were off.

And, as he rode, the dauntless patriot saw as in a vision (in fact, it *was* a vision) the future of the land to which he was bringing freedom.

He saw a hundred and ten million people, the men in derbies, the women in felt hats with little bows on the top. He saw them pushing one another in and out of trolley-cars on their way to and from work, adding up figures incorrectly all morning and subtracting them incorrectly all afternoon, with time out at 12:30 for frosted chocolates and pimento cheese sandwiches. He saw fifty million of them trying to prevent the other sixty million from doing what they wanted to do, and the sixty million trying to prevent the fifty million from doing what *they* wanted to do. He saw them all paying taxes to a few hundred of their number for running the government very badly. He saw ten million thin children working and ten thousand fat children playing in the

warm sands. And now and again he saw five million youths, cheered on by a hundred million elders with fallen arches, marching out to give their arms and legs and lives for Something To Be Determined Later. And over all he saw the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the artificial breeze of an electric fan operated behind the scenes.

So tugging at the reins he yelled: "Whoa, 'Bess! We're going back to the stable."

A MID-WINTER SPORT CARNIVAL

A LONG about this time of year, we sportsmen find ourselves rather up against it for something to do to keep the circulation pounding even sluggishly along. Golf, tennis, and paddling about on water-wings are out of season, and somehow bear-hunting has lost its flavor. Bear-hunting has never been the same since the supply of bears ran out. There really is nothing much to do except sit behind the stove in the club-house and whittle. And even then you are likely to cut your thumb.

In an attempt to solve this mid-winter problem for red-blooded men, a postal ballot has been taken to see what others of our sort are doing during the long evenings to keep themselves fit for the coming open season. Some of the replies are strictly confidential and cannot be reprinted here. You would certainly be surprised if you knew. Send a dollar and a plain, self-addressed envelope and maybe we can make an exception in your case. The address is Box 25, Bostwick, Kansas.

Following, however, are some excerpts from letters concerning which the writers have no pride:

"I keep in training during the winter months," writes one man, "by playing parchesi with my little boy. The procedure of this only fairly interesting game is as follows:

"I am reading my paper after dinner. My son says: 'Dad, play parchesi with me?' And I say: 'No.' Then my wife says: 'I don't think it would hurt you to pay a little attention to your children now and then.' 'Oh, is that so?' I reply.

"The parchesi board is then brought out and I am given my choice of colors. It is a good rule to pick a bright-colored set of buttons (the technical name for parchesi men escapes me at the moment) because as the game progresses and you get sleepier and sleepier, a good bright color, like red, will help you focus on the board.

"As you probably know, the way in which parchesi is played is a combination of that man's game — 'crap,' and the first six pages of Wentworth's Elementary Arithmetic. Unless you had played it, you wouldn't believe that rolling the bones could be transformed into anything so tepid. One evening when my wife was out getting a drink of water I gave the boy a few pointers on what could really be done with the dice by going about it in the right spirit, and before she came back I had got the fifteen cents he had been saving up to buy a pair of shoes

with. I had to give it back to him, however, as he cried so hard she asked him what was the matter.

"As the evening wears on, I get so that I can roll and make my move without being more than one-third conscious. The only danger is that I will lean too heavily on the board in the middle and close it up, throwing the men in all directions. This, of course, has the advantage of stopping the game, but you can't work it very often."

"You ask what I do for exercise during the winter," writes another. "Well, I am quite a carver. During the summer and spring (and autumn, too, if you like) when there are other things to do, we have chops and meat-balls and fish for dinner, things which do not have to be carved. But as soon as the weather gets bad, I just shut the doors and light a good fire, and give up my time to hacking roasts to pieces for a family of five.

"In this I am aided immeasurably by my wife. Let us say that we have for dinner a leg of lamb. My first move is to prop it up on its side against a potato and drive the fork deep into the ridge. I may take three shots for this, owing to the tendency of the potato to slip, letting the roast turn heavily over into the dish-gravy. A little time is necessary also to cover up the spots on the table-cloth before

the Little Woman notices, of doing which there is a fat chance.

"Then it begins.

" 'Why don't you carve it down the other way?'

" 'What other way?'



"What's the matter with that slice?" he asks, dropping it into the cauliflower.

" 'Why straight across, of course. You'll never get anywhere hacking at it that way.'

" 'Where did you ever see anyone carve meat straight across?'

" 'Everyone carves it that way. You're the only man I ever saw who tried to gouge it out like that.'

“ ‘Gouge it out? Who’s gouging it out? What’s the matter with that slice?’ (*Holding up a slab on the fork and dropping it into the cauliflower.*)

“ ‘What’s the matter with it? It’s in the cauliflower!’ (*Shrill, irritating laughter.*)

“I then turn the roast over and slice along the side as requested, doing it badly on purpose to show that that is *not* the way to carve meat. In messing it up, I overdo the thing and slip with the knife, cutting my wrist.

“ ‘Now you see? God never meant Man to cut that way. I’ve hurt myself.’

“ ‘I never said that God did mean Man to cut that way, the way you were cutting. All God meant Man to do was to use his brain—if any. Here, give me that knife, and you go and dish out the beans.’

“And so it goes, every time we have a roast, and double the strength when we have chicken. It keeps the winter months from becoming dull and works up quite a good forearm development.”

An advocate of outdoor sports is the writer of the following:

“As for me, give me the invigorating fun of snowshoeing when Mother Nature has thrown her mantle over golf-course and tennis-court. Just as soon as the first snow comes, I get out all the picture books

in the house, showing people plunging around in the drifts, cheeks aglow and ears a-tingle. Then to the sporting-goods store, where I buy a pair of snow-shoes.

"Trying on snow-shoes in a store is not so easy as trying on a pair of regular shoes. The clerk straps them on your feet and says: 'Now just walk up and down a bit to see how they feel. There's a mirror over there.'

"Just try walking up and down a bit on a board floor with snow-shoes on, and you will see why so few people bother to get the right size when buying them. Owing to this carelessness, however, arises much of the flat feet among snow-shoers. Their snow-shoes don't fit them.

"Then one has to have a stocking-cap, preferably red, and a good stout stick. The stick is for clouting people who make fun of you. In case there is too much ridicule, you can pull the stocking-cap down over your face and then they won't know who it is. They won't dare kid anyone whose face is hidden in a stocking cap for fear it might turn out to be Nicholas Murray Butler or someone like that.

"Then, when I have made all my purchases, I take them home with me and order a fire lighted in the fireplace. Next some nails and good strong cord. Standing on a step-ladder (just an ordinary step-

ladder will do) I take the snow-shoes, cross them, and hang them up over the fireplace, with the stick as a cross-bar. By this time a merry fire is crackling, and by standing across the room you will get as pretty a picture as you could wish to see, with the crossed snow-shoes fairly dancing in the glimmer of the fire-light. A Scotch and soda helps make this sport one of the most stimulating in the world."

Write in and tell us what *you* do in the winter months to keep fit.

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

For Kiddies and Grown-Ups, or Neither

THE scene is on a snowy plain just outside Wilkes-Barre.

The characters in this pantomime are:

PIERROTA pierrot

COLUMBINEA pierrot

CIBOULETTEA pierrot

RINTINTINA pierrot

LITTLE LAURA.....who dreams the dream.

As the curtain rises, something goes wrong; so it has to be lowered again. Twenty-five minute wait while it is fixed.

As the curtain rises, PIERROT is discovered sneaking a drink out of a bottle. He puts the bottle down quickly when he finds out that he has been discovered.

Enter COLUMBINE, awkwardly. She dances over to PIERROT and makes as if to kiss him, but he hits her a terrific one under the eye and knocks her cold. Three thousand gnomes enter and drag her off. One gnome (Alaska) stays behind and dances a little.

END OF THE SHOW: EVERYBODY OUT!

On thinking it over, a Christmas pantomime doesn't seem to be just what is needed. You can get a Christmas pantomime anywhere. In fact, *don't* you? So let's not do a Christmas pantomime. Let's just have some fun and get to bed early.

Let's tell some Yuletide stories!

I know a good Christmas story. It seems there was a man who came to a farmer's house late on Christmas Eve and asked if the farmer could put him up for the night.

"Ich habe kein Zimmern," sagte der Farmer, "aber Sie können mit Baby schlafen." ("I have no rooms," said the farmer, "but you may sleep with the baby if you wish.") So the man—

I guess that isn't about Christmas, though. You can tell it as if it were about Christmas, however, by putting that in about it's being Christmas Eve when the man came to the farm-house. But it really wasn't Christmas Eve in the original story and I couldn't deceive you.

Games are good on Christmas Eve. I know some good games. One that we used to play when I was a boy was called "Bobbing for Grandpa." All you need is a big tub full of water, or gin, and a grandfather. Grandpa gets into the tub and ducks his

head under the water. Then everyone steals softly out of the room and goes to the movies. You ought to be back by eleven-fifteen at the latest. Then you all rush into the room, pell-mell, and surprise the old gentleman.

Oh, I don't know but what the pantomime was best, after all. You can get more of the spirit of Christmas into a pantomime. Let's go back and do some more of that old pantomime. You surely remember the pantomime?

CIBOULETTE enters carrying a transparency which reads: "This is Christmas and You Are Going to Be Merry, and Like It, Too. . . . Toyland Chamber of Commerce." She dances around a bit and finally finds a good place to exit, which she does, thank God!

PIERROT awakes and sees his image in the pool. He goes right back to sleep again.

This brings every character on except RINTINTIN and there doesn't seem to be any good reason for bringing him on at all. However, he insists and comes on, dancing across the stage to where PIERROT is sitting. This cleans up the entire cast and after PIERROT has danced around the sleeping COLUMBINE once or twice, something in the manner of a dying rose-bud, which he claims to represent, the curtains come together again and we are left flat, with only

about half of our Christmas Eve over and nothing more to do before bedtime.

Heigh ho! Perhaps we can get Mr. Rodney to tell us some ghost stories. Mr. Rodney, please!

MR. RODNEY: Well, children. Here it is Christmas Eve and no one has pulled the Christmas Carol yet. If you will all draw up close and stop your necking, I will at least start . . . Stop, there is someone at the door. You answer, Alfred, it's probably for you.

ALFRED: No, Mr. Rodney, it's a little old man in a red coat and a white beard who says he's Santa Claus.

MR. RODNEY: Send for the police. I'll Santa Claus him.

At this moment, SANTA CLAUS himself enters. He is a tall, thin man, with black side-whiskers, and wears a raincoat and a derby.

SANTA CLAUS: My name is Mortimer, George Pearson Mortimer. A lot of silly people call me "Santa Claus" and it makes me pretty mad, I can tell you. Santa Claus, indeed! Just because one year, a long time ago, I got a little stewed and hired a sleigh and some reindeer and drove around town dropping presents down chimneys. I was arrested at the corner of State and Market streets and when they took me to the station-house I didn't want to

give my right name; so I gave "Santa Claus" and thought it very funny. The trouble *that* got me into!

MR. RODNEY: Do you mean to tell us that there is no such person as Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS: Yes—or rather no!

(MR. RODNEY *bursts into tears*.)

MR. RODNEY stops crying to listen. "Hark, what is that?" he says.

"It's the sun on the marshes, Mr. Rodney," they all say in unison and the curtain comes down on the final scene of the pantomime.

In this scene, PIERROT comes to life again and revisits the old haunts of his boyhood where he used to spend Christmas years and years ago. First he comes to the old Christmas turkey, which is much too old by now for any fun. Then he sees the Little Girl That He Used to Play With in His Holidays. She is now the mother of three children and engaged to be married. But still PIERROT seems dissatisfied. He is very evidently looking for something, searching high and low. First he looks in his vest pockets, then in his coat pockets. Finally he looks in his trousers pockets. But whatever it is, he cannot find it.

"What are you looking for?" asks CIBOULETTE, voicing the sentiments of the entire gathering.

"I can't seem to remember where I put the check the coat room girl gave me for my hat and coat," he answers. "I could swear that I put it right in here with my old theatre-ticket stubs."

"I didn't give you any check," says the coat room girl. "I know your face."

PIERROT *laughs at his mistake as*
THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE CHURCH SUPPER

THE social season in our city ends up with a bang for the summer when the Strawberry Festival at the Second Congregational Church is over. After that you might as well die. Several people have, in fact.

The Big Event is announced several weeks in advance in that racy sheet known as the "church calendar," which is slipped into the pews by the sexton before anyone has a chance to stop him. There, among such items as a quotation from a recent letter from Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock (the church's missionaries in China who are doing a really splendid work in the face of a shortage of flannel goods), and the promise that Elmer Divvit will lead the Intermediate Christian Endeavor that afternoon, rain or shine, on the subject of "What Can I Do to Increase the Number of Stars in My Crown?" we find the announcement that on Friday night, June the 8th, the Ladies of the Church will unbelt with a Strawberry Festival to be held in the vestry and that, furthermore, Mrs. William Horton MacInting will be at the head of the Committee in Charge. Surely enough good news for one day!

The Committee is then divided into commissary groups, one to provide the short-cake, another to furnish the juice, another the salad, and so on, until everyone has something to do except Mrs. Mac-Inting, the chairman. She agrees to furnish the paper napkins and to send her car around after the contributions which the others are making. Then, too, there is the use of her name.

The day of the festival arrives, bright and rainy. All preparations are made for a cozy evening in defiance of the elements; so when, along about four in the afternoon, it clears and turns into a nice hot day, everyone is caught with rubbers and steamy mackintoshes, to add to the fun. For, by four o'clock in the afternoon, practically everyone in the parish is at the vestry "helping out," as they call it.

"Helping out" consists of putting on an apron over your good clothes, tucking up the real lace cuffs, and dropping plates. The scene in the kitchen of the church at about five-thirty in the afternoon is one to make a prospective convert to Christianity stop and think. Between four and nine thousand women, all wearing aprons over black silk dresses, rush back and forth carrying platters of food, bumping into each other, hysterical with laughter, filling pitchers with hot coffee from a shiny urn, and poking good-natured fun at Mr. Numaly and Mr. Dow,

husbands who have been drafted into service and who, amid screams of delight from the ladies, have also donned aprons and are doing the dropping of the heavier plates and ice-cream freezers.

"Look at Mr. Dow!" they cry. "Some good-looking girl you make, Mr. Dow!"

"Come up to my house, Mr. Numaly, and I'll hire you to do our cooking."

"Alice says for Mr. Numaly to come up to her house and she'll hire him as a cook! Alice, you're a caution!"

And so it goes, back and forth, good church-members all, which means that their banter contains nothing off-color and, by the same token, nothing that was coined later than the first batch of buffalo nickels.

In the meantime, the paying guests are arriving out in the vestry and are sniffing avidly at the coffee aroma, which by now has won its fight with the smell of musty hymn books which usually dominates the place. They leave their hats and coats in the kindergarten room on the dwarfed chairs and wander about looking with week-day detachment at the wall-charts showing the startling progress of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea and the list of gold-star pupils for the month of May. Occasionally they take a peek in at the kitchen and remark on the odd

appearance of Messrs. Numaly and Dow, who by this time are just a little fed up on being the center of the taunting and have stopped answering back.

The kiddies, who have been brought in to gorge themselves on indigestible strawberry concoctions, are having a gay time tearing up and down the vestry for the purpose of tagging each other. They manage to reach the door just as Mrs. Camack is entering with a platter full of cabbage salad, and later she explains to Mrs. Reddy while the latter is sponging off her dress that this is the last time she is going to have anything to do with a church supper at which those Basnett children are allowed. The Basnett children, in the meantime, oblivious of this threat, are giving all their attention to slipping pieces of colored chalk from the blackboard into the hot rolls which have just been placed on the tables. And, considering what small children they are, they are doing remarkably well at it.

At last everyone is ready to sit down. In fact, several invited guests do sit down, and have to be reminded that Dr. Murney has yet to arrange the final details of the supper with Heaven before the chairs can be pulled out. This ceremony, with the gentle fragrance of strawberries and salad rising from the table, is one of the longest in the whole list of church rites; and when it is finally over there is a frantic



Mr. Numaly and Mr. Dow are a little fed up with being the center of the taunting.

scraping of chairs and clatter of cutlery and babble of voices which means that the hosts of the Lord have completed another day's work in the vineyard and are ready, nay, willing, to toy with several tons of foodstuffs.

The adolescent element in the church has been recruited to do the serving, but only a few of them show up at the beginning of the meal. The others may be found by any member of the committee frantic enough to search them out, sitting in little groups of two on the stairs leading up to the organ loft or indulging in such forms of young love as tie-snatching and braid-pulling up in the study.

The unattached youths and maids who are induced to take up the work of pouring coffee do it with a vim but very little skill. Pouring coffee over the shoulder of a person sitting at a long table with dozens of other people is a thing that you ought to practice weeks in advance for, and these young people step right in on the job without so much as a dress rehearsal. The procedure is, or should be, as follows:

Standing directly behind the person about to be served, say in a loud but pleasant voice: "Coffee?" If the victim wishes it, he or she will lift the cup from the table and hold it to be filled, with the left forefinger through the handle and bracing the cup

against the right upper-arm. The pourer will then have nothing to do but see to it that the coffee goes from the pitcher to the cup.

Where the inexperienced often make a mistake is in reaching for the cup themselves and starting to pour before finding out if the victim wants coffee.



Turning suddenly and saying, "No coffee, thank you!"

This results in nine cases out of six in the victim's turning suddenly and saying: "No coffee, thank you, please!", jarring the arm of the pourer and getting the coffee on the cuff.

For a long time nothing is heard but the din of religious eating and then gradually, one by one, forks slip from nerveless fingers, chairs are scraped back, and the zealots stir heavily to their feet. All that remains is for the committee to gather up the

remains and congratulate themselves on their success.

The next event in the calendar will not be until October, when the Men's Club of the church will prepare and serve a supper of escalloped oysters and hot rolls. Join now and be enrolled for labor in the vineyard in the coming year.

HORSE-SENSE EDITORIAL

(In very large type on the first page of your favorite fiction magazine)

A MAN walked into my office the other day and tried to sell me some buttercups.

"Some buttercups, Mr. Blank?" he said, smiling.

"When you say that, smile," I replied. And from the way I spoke, he knew that I meant what I said.

Now that man went about his job in the wrong way. Most of us go about our jobs in the wrong way. We forget the other fellow. They say that an elephant never forgets. Did you ever hear of an elephant failing in business? Elephants never forget, and daisies won't tell. Two things that we humans might well take to heart.

Supposing Moses had forgotten the other fellow. The great Law-Giver was, above all else, a two-fisted business man. He knew the rate of exchange, and he knew that what goes up must come down. Moses was no elephant. Neither was he a daisy. And yet Moses will be remembered when most of us are forgotten.

The other day I met an old school-mate. He was

crying. "Well, old timer," I said, "what's that you've got in your hand?"

"My other hand," he replied, shaking it.

Now the reason my old school-mate hadn't made good was that he kept one hand inside the other. He was drawing on his principal. He had never heard of such a thing as interest.

A lot of people think interest is a bad thing. They call people who take interest on their money "usurers." And yet Ezra was a "usurer." Job was a "usurer." St. Paul was a "usurer." Samuel M. Vauclain, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, is a "usurer." Think that over on your cash register and see if I am not right.

Do you suppose that God sent manna down to the Israelites for nothing? Not much. They paid for it, and they paid for it good. The gold alone in the Ark of the Covenant ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in "interest." Easy come, easy go.

On the street in which I live there is a line of trees. They are fine, big trees, full of twigs and branches. All except one. This one tree has no twigs or branches. It hasn't even any leaves. It just stands there. One day last week I determined to see what was wrong with that tree. I wanted to know why, in a line of fine, strong trees, there should be one

weak one. I suspected that it wasn't playing the game right. Not many of us do.

So I went close to it and examined it. It wasn't a tree at all. It was a hydrant.

Watch out that you aren't a hydrant in a line of trees. Or, worse yet, a line of trees in a hydrant.

CHEMISTS' SPORTING EXTRA!

Big Revolutionary Discovery Upsetting Everything

TO appreciate the rapid strides which the science of chemistry has made in the last fifty years all one has to do is to think back on the days when we all, like a lot of poor saps, believed that the molecule was the smallest division into which you could divide matter. Then someone came along and proved that the molecule itself could be divided into something called atoms. Well, the relief we felt at this announcement! Everyone went out and got drunk.

Then came another scientist (he married a Cheever), who said that if you honestly wanted to get down to the fine points of the thing you could divide the atom up into much smaller units. This tiniest of all divisions of matter he called the "electron," after his little daughter Tiny, she being the smallest one in his family.

This seemed to be just about final, for the man said that an electron was a particle of negative electricity (one which knows when to say "No"), and that a "proton" was a particle of positive electricity,

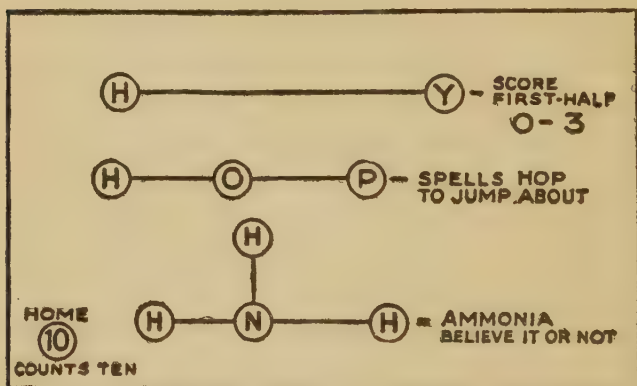
and that if you didn't believe it you could go and look for yourself. So it seemed pretty definitely settled that the electron was as small as you could get, and that unless you were crazy you wouldn't ever want to get even *that* small. So people began to put on their coats and hats and started to go back to work.

But that just shows. Now comes a Dr. Ernst J. Flazzer, of the University of Carlsbad, who declares that the electron is susceptible of being divided still further, and that, what is more, he has done it, right on his own porch. He calls the new subdivision "traffets," and claims there are eight or ten million of them in one electron.

This practically revolutionizes modern chemistry. Modern chemistry has been revolutionized seven times now. The discovery of the traffet means that we shall have to go back over all the researches that we have made in the past fifty years and throw away all that nice stuff in the test tubes.

For instance, in the old days, when you passed an electric current through water (H_2O), the free atoms of oxygen went in one direction and the free atoms of hydrogen went in the opposite one. At the count of ten they were supposed to turn around and see who had gone farthest. This game was called "Peek-o."

It was the same with a gas. A molecule of CO_2 was the seat of such activity and good-natured rivalry on a pleasant day that you could hear the shouts a mile away. *Every* one had a good time in a molecule of CO_2 . That was before even electrons were



Graphic chart showing the subdivision of hydrogen electrons into serfs, feudal lords and princes. (A.D. 800-A.D. 1200.)

heard of. Just horse-cars. There were no jazz bands, and when any one wanted a drink, he took it.

The introduction of the traffet into the scene, however, changes all that. Let us say that you have a combination of 72 atoms of carbon, 112 atoms of hydrogen, 18 atoms of nitrogen, a pony of brandy, White Rock and orange juice. It sounds all right, you say. Yes, but that's because *anything* with a

pony of brandy in it *sounds* all right. The trouble is that you can't trust the hydrogen you get these days. It may be anything.

Now the division of electrons into traffets makes the formation of crystals almost impossible. You know crystals. For while you can pass a colloid (white of an egg, for example) through a parchment paper, a crystalloid (such as pencils) will not go through. This is because the atoms of hydrogen, coming into conjunction with the atoms of oxygen, refuse to go any farther without some assurance that they aren't going to be made suckers of and subdivided again by the next analyst that comes along. You can't blame them.

Lord Kelvin once said that the presence of $1/1000$ th part of bismuth in copper would reduce its electrical conductivity so as to make it practically useless. A lot of people laughed when Lord Kelvin said this, but now they are laughing out of the other side of their mouths, for, bismuth or no bismuth (see the famous cartoon in *Punch* called "Dropping the Pilot," showing the Iron Chancellor himself being discarded by the young Emperor), the fact remains that during electrolysis you have to be very, very careful about catching cold. Of course, there is always a chance that Dr. Flazzer may not be right, and there may be no such things as "traffets" in an

electron. The awful part of it all is, there is no way of ever finding out whether he is right or not. Once you start questioning these things, you end up back in the brute state with no science at all.

FRENCH FOR AMERICANS

A Handy Compendium for Visitors to Paris

THE following lessons and exercises are designed for the exclusive use of Americans traveling in France. They are based on the needs and behavior of Americans, as figured from the needs and behavior of 14,000 Americans last summer. We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to American Express Co., 11 Rue Scribe, for some of our material.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

1. *Pronunciation*

<i>Vowels</i>	<i>Pronounced</i>
a	ong
e	ong
i	ong
o	ong
u	ong

2. *Accents*

The French language has three accents, the acute *e*, the grave *e*, and the circumflex *e*, all of which are omitted.

3. *Phrases most in demand by Americans**English**French*

Haven't you got any grid-
dle-cakes?

*N'avez-vous pas des grid-
dle-cakes?*

What kind of a dump is
this, anyhow?

*Quelle espèce de dump is
this, anyhow?*

Do you call that coffee?

Appellez-vous cela coffee?

Where can I get a copy of
the N. Y. Times?

Où est le N. Y. Times?

What's the matter? Don't
you understand English?

*What's the matter? Don't
you understand English?*

Of all the godam countries
I ever saw.

*De tous les pays godams
que j'ai vu.*

Hey there, driver, go slow!

*Hey there, chauffeur, allez
lentement!*

Where's Sister?

Où est Sister?

How do I get to the Louvre
from here?

Où est le Louvre?

Two hundred francs? In
your hat.

*Deux cents francs? Dans
votre chapeau.*

Where's Brother?

Où est Brother?

I haven't seen a good-look-
ing woman yet.

*Je n'ai pas vu une belle
femme jusqu'a présent.*

Where can I get laundry
done by six tonight?

Où est le laundry?

Here is where we used to
come when I was here
during the War.

*Ici est où nous used to come
quand j'étais ici pendant
le guerre.*

Say, this is real beer all
right!

*Say, ceci est de la bière
vrai!*

Oh boy!

O boy!

Two weeks from tomorrow
we sail for home.

*Deux semaines from tomor-
row nous sail for home.*

Then when we land I'll go
straight to Childs and
get a cup of coffee and a
glass of ice-water.

*Sogleich wir zu hause sind,
geh ich zum Childs und
eine tasse kaffee und ein
glass eiswasser kaufen.*

Very well.

Tres bien.

Leave it in my room.

Tres bien.

Good night!

Tres bien.

Where did Father go to?

Où est Papa?

PLACES IN PARIS FOR AMERICANS TO VISIT

The Lobby of the Ritz

This is one of the most interesting places in Paris for the American tourist, for it is there that he meets a great many people from America. If he will stand by the potted palms in the corner he will surely find someone whom he knows before long and can enter into a conversation on how things are going at home.

The American Express Co., 11 Rue Scribe

Here again the American traveler will find surcease from the irritating French quality of most of the rest of Paris. If he comes here for his mail, he will hear the latest news of the baseball leagues,

how the bathing is on the Maine Coast, what the chances are for the Big Fight in September at the Polo Grounds, and whom Nora Bayes has married in August. There will be none of this unintelligible *French* jabber with which Paris has become so infested of late years. He will hear language spoken as it should be spoken, whether he come from Massachusetts or Iowa.

WHERE TO EAT IN PARIS

Hartford Lunch

There has been a Hartford Lunch opened at 115 Rue Lord Byron where the American epicure can get fried egg-sandwiches, Boston baked beans, coffee rings, and crullers almost as good as those he can get at home. The place is run by Martin Keefe, formerly of the Hartford Lunch in Fall River, Massachusetts, and is a mecca for those tourists who want good food well cooked.

United States Drug Store

At the corner of Rue Bonsard and the Boulevard de Parteuille there is an excellent American drug store where are served frosted chocolates, ice-cream sodas, Coca-Cola, and pimento cheese sandwiches.

A special feature which will recall the beloved homeland to Americans is the buying of soda checks *before* ordering.

FRENCH CURRENCY

Here is something which is likely to give the American traveler no little trouble. In view of the fluctuating value of the franc, the following table should be memorized in order to insure against mistakes:

<i>Day of Week</i>	<i>American value of Franc</i>
Monday	5 cents
Tuesday	5.1 cents
Wednesday	4.9 cents
Thursday	1 lb. chestnuts
Friday	2½ yds. linoleum
Saturday	What-have-you

The proper procedure for Americans in making purchases is as follows:

1. Ascertain the value of the franc.
2. Make the purchase of whatever it is you want.
3. Ask "*Combien?*" (How much?)
4. Say "*Trop cher.*" (What the hell!)
5. Try to understand the answer.
6. Pay the asking price and leave the shop swearing in English, American or other mother tongue.

SIDE TRIPS FROM PARIS

There are many fascinating trips which may be made by the American sojourning in Paris which will relieve him of the tedium of his stay.

TRIP A.—Take the train at Paris for Havre and from there go by steamer to New York. The State of Maine Express leaves New York (Grand Central Station) at 7:30 P. M. and in the morning the traveler finds himself in Portland, Maine, from which many delightful excursions may be made up and down the rock-ribbed Atlantic coast.

TRIP B.—Entrain at Paris for Cherbourg, where there are frequent sailings westward. By the payment of a slight *pourboire* the ship's captain will put her in at the island of Nantucket, a quaint whaling center of olden times. Here you may roam among the moors and swim to your heart's content, unconscious of the fact that you are within a six-day run of the great city of Paris.

Ordinal Numbers and their Pronunciation

<i>Numbers</i>	<i>Pronounced</i>
1st. <i>le premier</i>	leh premyai
2nd. <i>le second</i>	leh zeggong
3rd. <i>le troisieme</i>	leh trouazzeame
4th. <i>le quatrieme</i>	leh kattreame
8th. <i>le huitieme</i>	leh wheeteame

Oh, well, you won't have occasion to use these much, anyway. Never mind them.

Other Words You Will Have Little Use For

Vernisser—to varnish, glaze.

Nuque—nape (of the neck).

Egriser—to grind diamonds.

Dromer—to make one's neck stiff from working at a sewing machine.

Rossignol—nightingale, picklock.

Ganache—lower jaw of a horse.

Serin—canary bird.

Pardon—I beg your pardon.

EARLY VIEW OF BROADWAY AT ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

(Key to the print on opposite page)

THIS print is extremely interesting, showing as it does the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Broadway when Fifth Avenue was called Broadway and when Broadway was called Ann Street. On the site shown in this picture the present-day Aquarium now stands. This was torn down in 1848 to make way for the *old* Aquarium, and it was in this old Aquarium that Jenny Lind sang under water, the first time any singer of note had sung under water in this country.

The building in the background is the old Heber and Jeaber Museum, the Mecca of that day for all the famous actor and writer folk. Here it was that Booth played "twenty-questions," and here, also, stood the old Drovers and Farmers Bank, later to be known as the Singer Building, or, after the addition of several more stories, as the Woolworth Building.

The stagecoach, which you will see about to run over Mr. and Mrs. Charles Delancey (Mrs. De-



Reproduced through the courtesy of Ralph Barton
Early View of Broadway at Astor Place, New York City.

lancey was later torn down to make room for the more modern horse-car line which connected the Battery with Bowling Green), ran between Fulton Street and what was then the Bronx. (The Bronx at that time was situated where Wall Street now stands, except that it had no cobblestones.)

The fire which is seen destroying the old Irving Place Theatre in the background at the left was supposed to have been set by the British in 1812 and burned steadily until 1845, when it was put out by a popular subscription headed by Mayor Van Broughnt. It was during this Great Fire that Kosciuszko, the famous Polish patriot, visited America and met Jenny Lind, whom there is no record of his ever marrying.

An interesting side-light on the social life and customs of the time is shown by the chase of the thief along what was then the middle of the street. This was during the period known as "Van Buren's Administration," when there was a veritable epidemic of pig-stealing along Broadway. The New York *Evening Post*, edited at the time by William Cullen Bryant when he was sober, said editorially: "This pig-stealing has got to stop," and, as a matter of fact, the Sage of Vesey Street was right; it *did* stop, thanks to the bravery of the police, one of whom is seen in hot, or at any rate, warm pursuit of a ruffian

in the above print. General U. S. Grant (then Admiral Grant) is seen in a silk hat, aiding in the chase. Admiral Grant was just a boy at the time in spite of his familiar beard.

The elevated train in the background at the right was the first to run under its own conflagration from the third floor of the Delmonico Building to the Boston State House (extreme right). It was also the last, as shortly after this print was taken the whole train fell off the elevated structure and burned the entire downtown district.

Mr. Astor later married and built what is now known as Houston Street.

THE LAST DAY

WHEN, during the long winter evenings, you sit around the snap-shot album and recall the merry, merry times you had on your vacation, there is one day which your memory mercifully overlooks. It is the day you packed up and left the summer resort to go home.

This Ultimate Day really begins the night before, when you sit up until one o'clock trying to get things into the trunks and bags. This is when you discover the well-known fact that summer air swells articles to twice or three times their original size; so that the sneakers which in June fitted in between the phonograph and the book (which you have never opened), in September are found to require a whole tray for themselves and even then one of them will probably have to be carried in the hand.

Along about midnight, the discouraging process begins to get on your nerves and you snap at your wife and she snaps at you every time it is found that something won't fit in the suitcase. As you have both gradually dispensed with the more attractive articles of clothing under stress of the heat and

the excitement, these little word passages take on the sordid nature of a squabble in an East Side tenement, and all that is needed is for one of the children to wake up and start whimpering. This it does.

It is finally decided that there is no sense in trying to finish the job that night. General nervousness, combined with a specific fear of oversleeping, results in a troubled tossing of perhaps three hours in bed, and ushers in the dawn of the last day on just about as irritable and bleary-eyed a little family as you will find outside an institution.

The trouble starts right away with the process of getting dressed in traveling clothes which haven't been worn since the trip up. Junior's shoulders are still tender, and he decides that it will be impossible for him to wear his starched blouse. One of Philip's good shoes, finding that there has been no call for it during the summer, has become hurt and has disappeared; so Philip has to wear a pair of Daddy's old bathing shoes which had been thrown away. (After everything has been locked and taken out of the room, the good shoe is found in the closet and left for dead.)

You, yourself, aren't any too successful in reverting to city clothes. Several weeks of soft collars and rubber-soled shoes have softened you to a point where the old "Deroy-14½" feels like a nap-

kin-ring around your neck, and your natty brogans are so heavy that you lose your balance and topple over forward if you step out suddenly. The whole effect of your civilian costume when surveyed in a mirror is that of a Maine guide all dressed up for an outing "up to Bangor."

Incidentally, it shapes up as one of the hottest days of the season—or any other season.

"Oh, look how funny Daddy looks in his straw hat!"

"I never realized before, Fred, how much too high the crown is for the length of your face. Are you sure it's your hat?"

"It's my hat, all right," is the proper reply, "but maybe the face belongs to somebody else."

This silences them for a while, but on and off during the day a lot of good-natured fun is had in calling the attention of outsiders to the spectacle presented by Daddy in his "store" clothes.

Once everyone is dressed, there must be an excursion to take one last look at the ocean, or lake, or whatever particular prank of Nature it may have been which has served as an inducement to you to leave the city. This must be done before breakfast. So down to the beach you go, getting your shoes full of sand, and wait while Sister, in a sentimental attempt to feel the water for the last time,

has tripped and fallen in, soaking herself to the garters. There being no dry clothes left out, she has to go in the kitchen and stand in front of the stove until at least one side of her is dry.

Breakfast bears no resemblance to any other meal eaten in the place. There is a poorly-suppressed feeling that you must hurry, coupled with the stiff collar and tight clothes, which makes it practically impossible to get any food down past the upper chest.

Then follows one of the worst features of the worst of all vacation days—the goodbyes. It isn't that you hate to part company with these people. They too, as they stand there in their summer clothes, seem to have undergone some process whereby you see them as they really are and not as they seemed when you were all together up to your necks in water or worrying a tennis ball back and forth over a net. And you may be sure that you, in your town clothes, seem doubly unattractive to them.

Here is Mrs. Tremble, who lives in Montclair, N. J., in the winter. That really is a terrible hat of hers, now that you get a good look at it. "Well, good-bye, Mrs. Tremble. Be sure to look us up if you ever get out our way. We are right in the telephone book, and we'll have a regular get-together meeting.



Sister has tripped and fallen in, soaking herself to the garters.

. . . Goodbye, Marian. Think of us tonight in the hot city, and be sure to let us know when you are going through . . . Well, so long, Mr. Prothero; look out for those girls up at the post office. Don't let any of them marry you . . . Well, we're off, Mrs. Rostetter. Yes, we're leaving today. On the 10:45. We have to be back for Junior's school. It begins on the 11th. *Goodbye!*"

It is then found that there is about an hour to wait before the machine comes to take you to the station; so all these goodbyes have been wasted and have to be gone through with again.

In the meantime, Mother decides that she must run over to the Bide-a-Wee cottage and say goodbye to the Sisbys. The children feel that they are about due for another last look at the ocean. And Daddy remembers that he hasn't been able to shut the big suitcase yet. So the family disperses in various directions and each unit gets lost. Mother, rushing out from the Sisbys' in a panic thinking that she hears the automobile, is unable to find the others. Little Mildred, having taken it upon herself to look out for the other children while they are gazing on the ocean, has felt it incumbent on her to spank Philip for trying to build one last tunnel in the sand, resulting in a bitter physical encounter in which Philip easily batters his sister into a state of hys-

teria. Daddy, having wilted his collar and put his knee through his straw hat in an attempt to jam the suitcase together, finds that the thing can't be done



Looks cautiously down the hall and whispers: "No!"

and takes out the box of sea-shells that Junior had planned to take home for his cabinet, and hides them under the bed.

The suitcase at last having been squeezed shut and placed with the rest of the bags in the hall, the maid comes running up with five damp bathing suits which she has found hanging on the line and wants to know if they belong here. Daddy looks cautiously down the hall and whispers: "No!"

At last the automobile arrives and stands honking by the roadside. "Come, Junior, quick, put your coat on! . . . Have you got the bag with the thermos? . . . Hurry, Philip! . . . Where's Sister? . . . Come, Sister! . . . Well, it's too late now. You'll have to wait till we get on the train . . . Goodbye, Mrs. Tremble . . . Be sure to look us up . . . Goodbye, everybody! . . . Here, Junior! Put that down! You can't take that with you. No, no! That belongs to that other little boy . . . *Junior!* . . . Goodbye, Marian! . . . Goodbye, Mrs. McNerdle! . . . Philip, say goodbye to Mrs. McNerdle, she's been so good to you, don't you remember? . . . Goodbye, Mrs. McNerdle, that's right. . . . *Goodbye!*"

And with that the automobile starts, the friends on the porch wave and call out indistinguishable pleasantries, Junior begins to cry, and it is found that Ed has no hat.

The trip home in the heat and cinders is enlivened by longing reminiscences: "Well, it's eleven o'clock.

I suppose they're all getting into their bathing suits now. How'd you like to jump into that old ocean right this minute, eh?" (As a matter of fact, the speaker has probably not been induced to go into "that old ocean" more than three times during the whole summer.)

The fact that they reach home too late to get a regular dinner and have to go to bed hungry, and the more poignant impressions in the process of opening a house which has been closed all summer, have all been treated of before in an article called "The Entrance Into the Tomb." And so we will leave our buoyant little family, their vacation ended, all ready to jump into the swing of their work, refreshed, invigorated, and clear-eyed.

JOHN DWANLEY: A LIFE

(As May Sinclair has so often done it)

I

YOU were very cold and it seemed to be a big room full of windows in which you suddenly found yourself. Someone was spanking you. Hard. This was rather rough, seeing how short a time you had been in the room. Then you heard the doctor say: "It's a boy!" And, sure enough, you were.

II

You were lying in a crib with something in your mouth. It couldn't have been your overshoe, because you had no overshoe. Something wet and soft, like rubber. By George, it *was* rubber! It was that thing on the end of the bottle which Nanna always left in your mouth when she went outside to speak to the postman. It had a lot of pretty good stuff in it which kept trickling out from the corners of your lips and down over your chin onto the front of your dress. Dress indeed! Here you were, a three

weeks' old boy, and they still had you in dresses! Rotten, you called it.

Still, it was nice to be left alone in the big room. You could think. You could think about Things. The world, for instance. And life. Ah, there was something to think about till your head snapped. Life!

What was behind it all? Heraclitus, you had been given to understand, claimed that everything was Fire, or, at any rate, in a state of flux like fire. Perhaps he was right.

Still, how could you reconcile Heraclitus with Plato? If Plato's idea was fundamentally sound, how could Everything, including Truth, be in a state of Fire-flux? There must be *something* stable, *something* with Reality.

The problem worried you so that you rolled over on your face and cried. Nanna came running in and thought you needed changing. Why couldn't she understand that it was Heraclitus that had thrown you into this state?

Something flew in at the window. Something big and dark, with an ulster on. It was Papa.

III

A tremendous space of time elapses. Those wishing tea will find it for sale at the entrance hall.

IV

You were fifteen, and something was the matter with Papa. Something was always the matter with Papa. Mildred said that it was his kidneys, but Mildred was a girl. What did she know? And besides, Mildred wore brown stockings and black shoes.

You liked Papa, in a quiet sort of way, but you were never quite sure who he was. Sometimes he was a tall man, with a big, black mustache. Other times he was short and fat, and smelled of spearmint. That was good, when Papa smelled of spearmint. It meant that there was going to be fish for dinner, and you loved fish.

You also loved Jesus.

V

Steemish was sitting on your chest and pounding your face in the mud. It was heavy mud, like the frosting on the cake that Nanna used to bring you when you had been naughty. Steemish was in your Latin class and thought that you were a rotter. Perhaps you were.

"Sock him, Steemish!" Leftwich Major was saying.

"Bust him, Steemish, old man," Leftwich Minor cried.

It seemed as if the whole world were on top of your chest. You didn't like school anyway. To go away, to run wildly across the moors, to jump up and down in an open boat, to know and inquire into life, that was what you wanted. Anything to get Steemish off your chest.

And then suddenly it was your nineteenth birthday.

VI

Mamma was sitting in the coal scuttle. Papa had put her there only five minutes before and had told her to be good. It was an old coal scuttle and was full of coal, so there wasn't much room for Mamma.

She said: "John, get me a book to read," in a tone which indicated that she was getting restless. You hated it when Mamma got restless, because you were only twenty-seven and there wasn't much that you could do to amuse her except draw pictures. You drew very well for twenty-seven, but not well enough for twenty-eight.

"Look, Mamma," you said. "Want to see me draw you and Papa wrestling?" "Give me a book

to read," Mamma repeated dully. "One with illustrations." Then Mildred came in. She had been smoking and her fur coat was still cold from the fog. It gave off the cold, like a big dog, the big dog you used to own when you lived in Bayswater.

Rena had lived in Bayswater.

VII

Upstairs a door opened and shut. Then it opened again. It was Rena coming in and going out. Rena was your wife. You had been married ten years. It didn't seem more than a hundred.

You couldn't quite remember how you came to marry Rena. It was a dark afternoon and the fog had been very heavy. Perhaps that was it, the heavy fog. Of course, that was it. Funny that you never thought of that before. The heavy fog. And then Rena.

There was something moving in the room. From where you lay in your crib you couldn't quite make out what it was. The crib was the same one that you used to lie in when you were much younger than you were now. It had bars on it like the omac's cage in the Zoological Gardens, and if you lay at just the right angle you could make believe that you

were on the outside and that Rena was in a cage. Wouldn't that be fine!

VIII

After all, where would God be?

There wasn't much that you could do about it, wherever He was, but you would just like to know. If Death was the end of everything and if Peace lay within Oneself, then what about the swans in the park? Only yesterday Rena had taken you out to see the swans in the park. It was your forty-ninth birthday, and Rena had promised you something nice if you would finish your oatmeal. The swans in the park were the nicest thing that you could think of; so Rena had taken you there in your new suit. Although you were only forty-nine, you took a fifty-five-year-old size suit. "He is big for his age," Rena had said to the gate keeper. This made you very proud.

IX

One night you were awakened by a hand reaching through the bars of your crib. It was a big hand, like the locomotive you saw when they took you down to the locomotive works.

"Come, get up, Grandpa," somebody said. "It's time for your piano lesson."

You hated your piano lessons. They always came when you wanted most to play. But this time it wasn't a piano lesson, for the hand did not belong to your teacher, Miss Marston, but to a big man in a denim suit. Slowly you got out of your crib and put on your rompers.

"You are sure that he will have all the books and magazines he needs?" Rena was saying to the man.

"More than he needs," the man replied. "Come on, Grandpa," he said, turning to you, "you and I are going to run up to the corner and back and see who beats."

That would be fun, you thought. And the best of it all was that Rena couldn't run on account of those things she wore on her feet, "shoes" she called them, "these dammed shoes."

Goodby, Rena!

x

After all, it was nice to be left alone in the big room. You could think. Perhaps Heraclitus *was* right, and Plato wrong. You probably never would know.

IS THIS THE MISSING LINK?

Bone Fragments Discovered in Weemix and the Problem They Present

SCIENTISTS are partially agog at the recent discovery in a gravel pit at Rudney Downs, Weemix, Filtshire, England, of certain scraps of skull bone which give every indication of having belonged to a sub-man of the Second Interglacial period. He has already been named (it was a boy, and a bouncing one at that) *Homo Weemixensis*, or Peter Pan.

The discovery was made by an old scientist named Harry who was digging around in the gravel pit trying to find a caramel he had lost. He first came upon a bone fragment about the size of a new buffalo nickel, and, thinking nothing of it, called the police. A few weeks later, in quite another part of Rudney Downs (Rudney Downs has two parts, Rudney and Downs, contracted to Rudney Downs), another bone fragment was discovered which quite obviously belonged to the first, as it was marked "B" to correspond with the mark "A" on the original find. The two pieces, when placed together, spelled "MOTHER."

It is estimated that this sub-man lived approximately 100,000 years ago, before there were any street-cars. People went from place to place then in stage-coaches, and a letter written in London on a Tuesday might take three or four days by courier to reach Plymouth. So you see, we have things much easier today than *Homo Weemixensis* had, for all his bone fragments.

Fellows from the University of London (jolly good fellows, you may be sure) have worked night and day on the reconstruction of this precursor of the human race, and have found out that the brain capacity of his skull was somewhere between that of the old *Pithecanthropus* and man. You would laugh if you knew how small that was. Old *Pithecanthropus* (the one discovered in Java, not one of the Hartford *Pithecanthropi*) is supposed to have had a brain capacity just a little larger than a canary's. A good big canary, though. This would mean that if you yelled "Hi!" very suddenly in *Pithecanthropus*' face, he would just laugh good-naturedly.

Now the newly discovered sub-man was brighter than that. Dr. William Evett, in charge of the work of excavation and reconstruction, says of him:

"It is quite probable that we have here the link between the Second Interglacial and the Pleiocene. This ape-man, from what we have been able to de-

duce, must have been about four feet seven inches high, with a broad nose and a scar running diagonally across his cheek, when last seen wore a dark blue serge suit and spoke with a slight Weemix accent. There is every reason to believe that he was with a woman named Mortimer, or Wadleigh."

Sir Robert Womm, however, does not agree with Dr. Evett that *Homo Weemixensis* walked with a slight limp.

"Although I bow to Dr. Evett's eminence in the field of ethnological research," writes Sir Robert, "I can not feel that a man who would leave his wife as Dr. Evett did is a fit person to instruct our young."

Certain it is that trophies of the hunt were buried with the ape-man by his associates, for in the same gravel pit in which the bone fragments were found were later discovered a colored top with the string still attached to it and an old glove.

A description of the probable appearance of the *Weemix* jaw is given us by Lord Duncamon, who took the two fragments home with him that night and shined them up a little.

"The jaw is imperfect in front, but has the broad, flat symphysis of the ape-jaw. It has marks showing a lateral movement of the tubercles of the molars which would indicate that its owner either smoked a

pipe or else stored nuts away for the winter in his mouth. On this hypothesis we are able to base our conclusion that *Homo Weemixensis* was nobody's fool."

It is hoped that the researches which are still going on will disclose some explanation of the fact that the material of these bony fragments seems to be similar in taste and texture to the material of which laundry soap is now made.

CHECKING UP ON THE PROPHETS

EVERY Thursday someone comes out and says that if America keeps on doing something or other at the rate it is doing it now there will be a smash-up within ten years. Sometimes it is Europe that will collapse. Sometimes it is the whole world. This has been going on for at least ten years now, so let us look back and see what was predicted then for today. According to the exclusive information abroad at that time, our country is at the present time in the following condition:

The home has vanished as an institution, owing to the prevalence of divorce. In some of the prairie districts there are a few men and women living together as man and wife, but aside from that there is nothing but chaos and free love.

The race has died out, owing to the decreasing birth-rate among the upper classes.

Industry is at a standstill as a result of the introduction of the eight-hour day.

American manufacturing, dealt a death-blow by the Underwood tariff, is extinct.

The Mississippi River has overflowed its banks and the entire Middle West is under water.

The home is shattered, family-life ruined and the Government collapsing, thanks to the establishment of Women's Suffrage.

Our supply of coal ran out a year ago and we haven't had any oil for two years.

My young son is bow-legged, owing to his having walked too soon.

HOW IT CAN BE DONE

A Plan for German Indemnities

IT has just been called to my attention that Germany is having trouble paying her indemnities. I only wish that I had known of this before, as I have a plan which I think would have fixed things up six months ago. They keep these things so secret. It is almost as if they didn't *want* any help.

In 1870 Germany was confronted by this same problem. In 1870, however, the problem was not one of money, but of irrigation. They couldn't get enough water into the Tauber River to pay for keeping it running. It finally got so that they were importing water from Denmark, emptying it from tank cars at the top of the hill down which the Tauber flows and recapturing it at the bottom for shipment to Spain, who was buying it at second-hand for use in the Guadalupe. All rivers in Spain use second-hand water.

Thus it will be seen that Germany's problem in 1870 and Germany's problem today were not the same. This makes it easier to prescribe for today's problem.

My plan would be this: Divide Germany up into districts of *Reichsabwesendungen*. Have each district or *Reichsabwesendung* sub-divided into little individual countries or *Blatz*, each with its own president, house-committee, and rest-room for the women employees. Each of these *Blätzen* will be assessed so much, according to the number of houses in it. Thus, a *Blatz* containing eleven houses would be assessed so much, while one containing twenty houses would not be assessed at all but would have to report to the president every Wednesday and submit an estimate.

Now. When these districts had fulfilled their obligations, it would be the duty of the *Ratmeister* to get in touch by telephone with the Inter-Allied Debt Commission at Genoa (or the one at Innsbruck if the Genoa line is busy) and tell them how he is and what he has been doing all day. The Inter-Allied Debt Commission will refuse to listen, and the whole matter will then be thrown back into conference again, constituting the crisis for that month. Thus we have:

Total indemnity	3,000,000,000 marks
Total indemnity	6,000,000,000 marks
Total indemnity	11,000,000,000 marks
Total indemnity	8,000,000,000 marks

Of this, one third goes to the house for current expenses. The rest is figured out on a per capita basis and given to Cousin George to invest. He knows what all the good things are.

After this, the rest is simple. Double your cost of production, increase your turn-over, touch the floor twenty times without bending your knees, and there is your indemnity paid with something left over for candy.

"BICYCLING," THE NEW CRAZE

THERE is a new sport this season which bids fair to have great popularity among the younger sets, a sport imported, as are so many of our outdoor games, from England, where it has had a great vogue for several years now. This sport is called "bicycling," and derives its name from the instrument on which it is practiced—the "bicycle." You will see that this word is made up of two words: "bi," meaning "two," and "cycle," meaning wheel—"two wheels." And such indeed it is, a veritable two-wheeled contraption, on which the rider sits and balances himself until he is able, by pushing two pedals arranged for the purpose, to propel the whole thing along the roadway at a great rate. And what a lark it is, too!

We show a picture of a bicycle here, and you may figure out for yourself just how it works. You will see that the pedals are so fixed that when one foot is up the other is down, thus giving the feet an equal chance at the rousing exercise and doing away with any chance of the rider's becoming one-sided, as might well result from a position where one foot was up all the time and one foot down.

You will also observe that the saddle is placed at just the right height from the pedals, so that the rider sits on it easily without having to stretch his legs out beyond their natural length—or, on the other hand, without having to contract them. When experiments were being made on the first bicycle by the inventor, it was thought that it would be necessary for anyone who was going to ride one of the things to stretch his legs out anywhere from one to four feet beyond their natural length in order to reach the pedals. The inventor was very much discouraged when he realized this, “for,” as he said to his partner, “there won’t be enough people in the world who *can* stretch their legs out from one to four feet to make any decent kind of sale for my machine at all.”

So broken was he at the realization of this fact that he put this invention aside, and for the next three years he worked on the invention of the apple.

Then one day, as he was sitting in a swing on his lawn, he said to himself: “If the force of gravity is sufficient to swing this swing when I push with my feet, why can’t I overcome that difficulty in my bicycle by placing the pedals just a leg’s length from the saddle?” He rushed out to his workshop, where the discarded model of his bicycle had lain for so long, and proceeded to reconstruct it so that he could

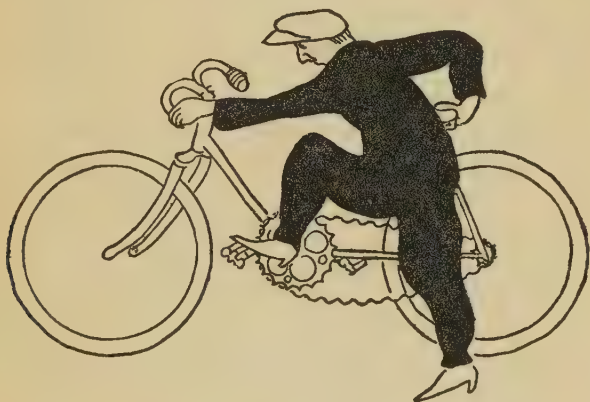
sit in the saddle and still reach the pedals without the necessity of stretching his legs.

Another novel feature of the bicycle is the wire rack for carrying books and luncheons. This is fastened right on the front, or "handlebars," of the machine, and with it one is enabled to go out on picnics or reading parties in the woods, the only things then necessary being some luncheon or books to put into the rack, and woods to go to.

Now comes the technical part of this article—an explanation of how to ride the bicycle. For surely one must know how to ride a bicycle if one is to own one. And it is getting so that one must own a bicycle if one hopes to be anyone at all socially. Even a casual visitor at Newport, Rhode Island, will tell you how the craze has caught hold of the fast set there, until one is constantly in danger of being run down by millionaire bicyclists as one walks through the streets. It is even said that at some of the exclusive parties given in the villas there, the guests bring their bicycles right in with them and keep the clips on their trousers all during dinner. It is a mark of distinction to be seen with bicycle-clips on your trousers, for it indicates that you are "up with the times."

The first thing that the prospective rider has to do is take position as indicated in the accompany-

ing sketch. This involves standing upright with the bicycle leaning against the right hip, the right hand on the saddle, and the left hand on the left handlebar. The left foot is then placed on the left pedal and the rider waits. At a signal from the



bugle ("Boots and Saddles" is usually played), the command "Mount!" is given. At this command the rider leans heavily against the bicycle, swings the right leg up, striking the saddle a smart blow with it, and crashing over on top of the machine, which will fall heavily at the same time in the same direction as the rider. Both rider and bicycle will lie in a heap until picked up by the attendant. Many riders will prefer to go home right then and there.

If you really want to be an expert bicyclist, however, you will try again. Take the same position as the one you took in the first place (Fig. 1) and practice swinging the right leg up over the saddle until you are finally able to clear it clean. This will land you in a sitting position, square on the saddle. Be sure that you are facing the right way (*towards* the handlebars), otherwise you will have trouble in steering and are likely to become dizzy.

Now here you are, seated in the saddle, with your right hand on the right handlebar and your left hand on the left handlebar, your right foot on the left pedal and your left foot on the right pedal. You must then bring yourself into a state of mind where you realize the necessity for pushing ahead. That is one thing about riding a bicycle. You can't stand still once you are seated and ready to go. There are three ways for you to go—forward, over to the right, or over to the left. Let us say that at first you go over to the right side. This is the most popular side for beginners, as it carries out the arc begun in the process of mounting. Once you have fallen over to the right side, try the left. This will even things up and make you less lame the next day, or, at any rate, lame in nicely-balanced areas.

Once you have found the knack of going *ahead*, the thing is easy. Push with the feet against the

pedals, bringing one up as the other goes down and vice versa. If you do this, you will suddenly perceive that the whole machine is moving forwards as if by magic, carrying you with it. Oh, the exhilaration of feeling yourself pushing forward through the air, like, or something like, a bird! No one who has experienced this thrill can conceive of its madness.

When you have ridden as far as you want to ride, the next thing to do is to stop. This is accomplished by heading for something firm, like a post or a large white house, and crashing into it head-on. You will then find that you have not only stopped, but that you are *off*, all in one continuous uninterrupted process.

This concludes our first lesson in bicycling. People may poke fun at you for taking up with the first crazy fad that comes along, and you may not like it at first, but remember that no one ever does anything who is not willing to lead the way and take a chance, and I am sure that the results in improved circulation and general health will more than repay you for the embarrassment of being a pioneer and a cripple.

THE BLUE SLEEVE GARTER

*(Sex and Political Economy as blended by
Mr. Galsworthy)*

I

PROSCENIUM

IN the rich gloom of the Board Room, surrounded by charts showing the Unemployment Situation and the old Corn Laws, Lister Hoag, seventeenth baronet, reviewed in his well dressed mind the situation which confronted his heart. There was, of course, Melisse. Tomorrow! Seventh anniversary of their wedding day! Seven years of what? He broke a lead pencil. Seven years of Melisse. Poor Melisse! And yet—in a way—poor Trevor! Sentiment was tip. Unquestionably sentiment was tip. Still, Lister felt a strange ache when he thought of it all. What good in thinking? What good in tying one's tie? No—by Gad!

Old Breamley was speaking. To sell these ships now would mean a clear profit of thirty thousand pounds. Thirty thousand Melisses! Fifteen min-

utes—half an hour—what difference did it make? He would soon be with Melisse. He would take her in his arms and tell her that everything was tup. And that would be no lie. Everything *was* tup. Silly old guff! Would Rodney Granish mind? And if he did, would Maxton Sixby blorrow? Jolly—if young Sixby blorrowed! What a mess! And now about these ships. The Germans wanted them. And England needed them. Reconstruction. Well, perhaps. But Melisse's neck was whiter than Reconstruction. And her eyes deeper. What a jolly old mup it all was! Everything! Or—perhaps—nothing! Lister shut his eyes and marked "Three hundred pounds" on his pad. No use to have a heart. Or a liver either, for that matter.

II

CODA

It was warm in bed. Heavy brocade shut out the smart breeze which blew in the long windows from the Free Trade Club across Cavendish Square. Lister Hoag ran his bare arm along the soft mountain ranges of the coverlet. Nice.

Melisse was asleep beside him. At any rate, Melisse was beside him. The curve from her chin

to her shoulder reminded Lister of the curve on the chart showing the Unemployment Situation. It was a long, gentle curve and yet to him it cried out that the Government was wrong, all wrong. What right had one man to have a job when another hadn't? What right had they to tax wheat when Bleeker and Tony Napin and Thornlip and all those other poor devils were eating ha'penny rolls? Political principles—he mused—were tip. Absolutely tip. And yet if one had no political principles one was likely to have no principles at all. If, as a member of the community, as an Englishman—and he certainly was an Englishman—he accepted the challenge, what was left but revolution? No, by George! England was there, and since England was there, there she must stay.

Melisse stirred softly at his side. She wanted to speak. She said:

“What time is it, dear?”

Automatically, Lister looked at his wrist watch. It was the watch that had been given him by the governors of the Liberal Union. A rum crowd, the Union. No spines. No convictions. Like the Board. Seven per cent preference—nine per cent ordinary. What whip! And, since it *was* whip, why bother? But somehow the War had changed all that. The War had changed everything. No-

body was sure now. A chap didn't know in the morning what the Prime would be by night, and the Prime didn't know at night what a chap would be in the morning. England was twill. But she was England, nevertheless.

"It's a quarter to eight, dear."

But Melisse was asleep again, with a faint curl of disgust on her fifteenth century lips.

III

TEATIME AT BLEEMS

Nine hours later Trevor Ramsty stood facing the tea table across which Melisse Hoag was stretching a white arm. England was still England.

"Draw up. Cream, Trevor? Go away, Whang! You've had your tea. Don't tell me, Trevor, that you are going out for the Socialists? That's sugar you're taking, you know, ducky, not opium."

"Not so much going out for Socialists as going in for talking, empress."

Melisse looked at him. Very nicely put! Trevor *would* be nice to have with one on a canal boat.

"'Ware shoals, Melisse!" said Ramsty.

"Budney, my dear, sheer budney!"

Trevor bit his lip thoughtfully.

"You stweem a bit—for you."

"That will do, Cherry! And please someone take Whang downstairs. He has become intolerable since the Free Trade Club gave him that new leash."

Whang placed his paws on Lister's spats and said:

"Put me out if you will, but remember, I can vote at the next General Election."

Lister was incalculable—did such odd things! To be sure, he was nice. Very nice. But incalculable.

"I'm sorry, Melisse, if I have made a gaff."

"Not a bit; jolly good tib. The thing about England today is that we are too English. Whang here knows better. He eats anything."

Trevor smiled queerly.

"Are you quite, quite sure?" asked Melisse.

"Rather! And, by the way, is it full fig tonight?"

"Just as you like. Meemie will be there."

"Full fig, then."

"I thought so."

"I thought you would think so."

"It *was* good of you to get me Rennie Cleenist, though. I do hope he'll behave and not be full of Debt Refunding. I'm putting him between Lillie Omster and Neyla Brann. Seven. You know them all. Oh, and you mustn't mind if Old Wadney talks Merchant Marine. He loves it so. Did you read Willie's story about him? Oh, too frightfully amus-

SUBURBAN BRANCH — TIME TABLE

FROM THE CITY

TO THE CITY

Miles	Stations	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	Stations	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM
0 0	Lv. Union Terminal..	+1 00	8 00	12 00	5 10	5 45	6 40	Lv. Bastrol.....	7 10	7 45	8 00	8 15	8 45	9 00	9 00
0 5	Lv. Mastney St.....	1 04	8 04	12 04	5 14	5 49	6 09	Lv. Esby Highlands..	7 14	7 49	8 04	8 19	8 49	9 04	9 04
0 9	Lv. Floria Park.....	1 07	8 07	12 07	5 17	5 52	6 12	Lv. Nasturtium.....	7 17	7 52	8 07	8 22	8 52	9 07	9 07
2 1	Lv. Treedale.....	1 10	8 10	12 10	5 20	5 55	6 15	Lv. Rodney.....	7 20	7 55	8 10	8 25	8 55	9 10	9 10
3 6	Lv. Old Neepick.....	1 13	8 13	12 13	5 23	5 58	6 18	Lv. Assamaquit.....	7 23	7 58	8 13	8 28	8 58	9 13	9 13
3 8	Lv. New Neepick.....	1 14	8 14	12 14	5 24	5 59	6 19	Lv. Ocytown.....	7 24	7 59	8 14	8 29	8 59	9 14	9 14
4 5	Lv. Overcoat.....	1 16	8 16	12 16	5 26	5 61	6 21	Lv. Anna's Bridge...	7 26	7 61	8 16	8 31	9 01	9 16	9 16
6 0	Lv. Grispis.....	1 18	8 18	12 18	5 28	5 63	6 23		7 28	7 63	8 18	8 33	9 03	9 18	9 18
10 7	Lv. West McKinney..	1 23	8 23	12 23	5 33	5 68	6 28	Lv. Mt. Murney.....	7 33	7 68	8 23	8 38	9 08	9 23	9 23
11 5	Lv. McKinney Hills..	1 25	8 25	12 25	5 35	5 70	6 30	Lv. Quasapaqua.....	7 35	7 70	8 25	8 40	9 10	9 25	9 25
13 2	Lv. Quasapaqua.....	1 27	8 27	12 27	5 37	5 72	6 32	Lv. McKinney Hills..	7 37	7 72	8 27	8 42	9 12	9 27	9 27
45 1	Lv. Mt. Murney.....	1 25	8 25	12 25	5 35	5 70	6 30	Lv. West McKinney..	7 35	7 70	8 25	8 40	9 10	9 25	9 25
16 0	Lv. Anna's Bridge...	1 15	8 15	12 15	5 25	5 60	6 25	Lv. Grispis.....	7 25	7 60	8 15	8 30	9 00	9 15	9 15
20 3	Lv. Teemish.....	1 20	8 20	12 20	5 30	5 65	6 25	Lv. Overcoat.....	7 30	7 65	8 20	8 35	9 05	9 20	9 20
21 6	Lv. Oriole.....	1 00	8 00	12 00	5 10	5 45	6 40	Lv. New Neepick....	7 10	7 45	8 00	8 15	8 45	9 00	9 00
28 6	Lv. Ocytown.....	1 15	8 15	12 15	5 25	5 60	6 45	Lv. Old Neepick....	7 15	7 50	8 15	8 30	9 00	9 15	9 15
55 2	Lv. Assamaquit.....	1 45	8 45	12 45	5 55	6 30	7 15	Lv. Treedale.....	7 45	8 20	8 45	9 00	9 30	9 45	9 45
0 0	Lv. Grinville.....	1 44	8 44	12 44	5 54	6 29	7 14	Lv. Floria Park.....	7 44	8 19	8 44	9 00	9 30	9 45	9 45
11 1	Lv. Nasturtium.....	1 16	8 16	12 16	5 46	5 23	6 38	Lv. Mastney St.....	8 10	8 45	9 10	9 25	9 55	10 10	10 10
21 3	Lv. Esby Highlands..	1 32	8 32	12 32	5 23	5 00	6 57	Lv. Chicago.....	8 67	9 02	9 10	9 25	9 55	10 10	10 10
38 4	Ar. Bastrol.....	1 00	8 00	12 00	5 10	5 45	6 40	Lv. West Chicago....	8 09	8 44	9 11	9 26	9 56	10 11	10 11
								Ar. Union Terminal.	8 09	8 44	9 11	9 26	9 56	10 11	10 11

☆ Owl Special.—Carries dozing passengers only as far as next station beyond their destination. Taxi service back.

† Does not stop at Grispis unless Mr. Furman falls off at the curve.

‡ Does not run Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or when it is too warm.

§ Does not carry local baggage. Young ladies from up-state, however, may ride by applying to the brakeman.

¶ A terrible train. Take the next one.

Can be missed for any one of the following reasons: (a) subway jam; (b) taxi delay; (c) way obstructed by herd of bison; (d) just missed it.

Special train-boy selling gloves, peanuts and menthol drops.

d Family-men missing this train will find telephone booths at the right of newsstand. The railroad issues a pamphlet called "One Thousand and One Excuses for Missing the Six O'Clock, and Where to Dine in Town." (adv.)

Carries only newspaper readers.

Commuters desiring to meet house-guests at train gate will find screen behind which to hide at right of gate. House-guests will find screen behind which to hide at left of gate.

A grocery and hardware store for householders who have forgotten to do errands in town is maintained at the foot of the ramp.

{ Nobody ever catches this train; so it has been discontinued.

h Very few catch this one, either.

To accommodate commuters who wish to take this train to town, the time on the time-table is ten minutes ahead of actual time of departure.

This will allow for three extra swallows of coffee and the rest of that egg.

f Runners missing this train may keep right on running around the board-track at the right of the station, just as if that were what they intended to do all the time, thereby saving themselves from looking foolish.

! Ladies' Shopping Special. Newspapers cannot be read on this train.

k There are no seats on this train on which the sun does not shine, so don't try to find one.

Has no elbow space on any of the window sills.

m Theatre train. Arrives in town just in time for the curtain to the first act, if at all.

Very seldom runs at all

Will not run on Wednesday, Sept. 15

Dining car as far as McKinney Hills

ing—clearly meant for H. K. V. Whang, put that hat down! Whose hat is it?”

“Mine,” said Lister, as he entered the room, “but never mind. We sold those ships.”

IV

NAPIN REFULGENT

The Board Room was no brighter than it had ever been. In fact, as Lister sat and poked holes in the map of Solvent Europe, the room seemed full of four per cents. Napin had been caught. Why quibble about that? Caught red handed, stealing the rudders off the ships which the company had sold to the Germans. But as Lister looked at the pale face of the young man, he saw on beyond Tony Napin and into the system which engulfed him. Capital. Labour. Tripe! It was man against man. Bug against bug. Oxford against Cambridge. And Napin had stolen rudders.

“See here, Napin! Come home with me and have a drink. You’ll jolly well need one.”

Tony said nothing but put on someone’s hat and coat which were hanging on the wall and waited for Lister to lead the way.

“Napin, old bean,” said Lister, “you’re about done

in. How can a man funk it when the world is as it is today? Look at the Liberals. Fed up on Liability Insurance. Look at the Labour Party. Eating Enfranchisement pap. Look at the Hangnail Prevention League. Nothing but—”

“I beg pardon, Mr. Hoag,” said Napin. “You were saying something about a drink. I haven’t all night, you know, sir. I’m due at jail at seven sharp.”

V

MELISSE

Tony Napin had been in the room with Melisse just fifteen minutes when he asked her to run away with him. The afternoon sun was slanting in through the stained glass windows on which old Manton Hoag, sixteenth baronet, had had lettered in old English the complete text of the Reform Act. To speak perfectly frankly, Melisse was quite impressed with the twelfth century directness of Napin’s proposition. Her brown eye rested on the silver tea service, her blue eye following suit.

Of course, there was Lister. Poor, dear Lister. He would be cut up no end. But really, Lister was frightfully civic. For seven years Lister had made

love to her by explaining the principles of Public Ownership of Metropolitan Utilities. Their baby had been conceived in Single Tax and had run away from home at the age of four rather than hear more about Redistribution of Unearned Capital. It was harsh to think, but dear Lister was suffering from hardening of the Trade Arteries.

Then there was Trevor. Trevor was a sweet lover. Melisse could not deny that. But he *did* talk Socialism when he should have been talking ways and means. Funny! That Trevor had—and here Melisse upset the sugar bowl—oh, well! Trevor *had*, that was all. Thinking was tosh. Tosh—and rather dreadful.

And now Napin. He had walked into the room, said how-do-you-do, and had asked her to run away with him. Nothing about Germany's debt. Nothing about the Merchant Marine. Nothing about taxation. Simply, "Pack your things!" It was stupendous. And terribly exciting. Why not? Or perhaps rather—why?

The telephone was over there. Melisse took her hand out of the hot tea and went to it.

"Can I speak to Mr. Hoag, please? . . . In the Board Room . . . Mrs. Hoag speaking . . . Lister, dear . . . How is the Bill of Rights coming on? . . . Bully! . . . And the Swedish Disenfranchise-

ment? . . . Sweet! . . . And do you still feel the same way about taxing indeterminate inheritances? . . . Ducky! . . . Well, then, Lister dear, please do something for me. . . . Take them all, the Bill of Rights, the Swedish Disenfranchisement, and the Inheritance Tax and roll them up in one big bundle. . . . Have you done that? . . . Righto . . . What are you to do with them now? . . . You know very well, my dear. . . . I'm off for Innsbruck with young Napin. . . . Yes. N-a-p-i-n. Care of General Delivery, Innsbruck . . . Cheerio . . .”

Whang climbed up on the tea table and pushed his nose into the sugar bowl. At last he was alone.

TEACHING THE OLD IDEA TO SKATE

THEY told me that once you had skated, you never forgot how. It was like swimming, they said. I knew, of course, that *that* wasn't so. Skating is nothing like swimming. But as I thought back on the days, ten years ago, when I used to glide easily over the lumpy surface of the Charles, it did seem plausible that some of the old facility had remained, even after all these years.

I never was what you would call a fancy skater, even in my hey-day. None of my attempts at cutting numerals or weaving backward ever quite came off. I had the idea all right, and would start off rather finely, perhaps too finely, but at the turn something usually went wrong and I became discouraged, and while I seldom actually fell, it might have been more impressive if I had. A good, resounding fall is no disgrace. It is the fantastic writhing to avoid a fall which destroys any illusion of being a gentleman. How like life that is, after all!

On a good straight away, however, I had always been able to make a respectable progress, nothing

flashy but good, solid plodding, with a liberal swinging of the arms to add propulsion power which sometimes carried me along at what I flattered myself was a tremendous rate of speed. As I looked back on this accomplishment, it did not seem over-confidence on my part to agree to join my little boy in a frolic on the ice.

The pond was thronged with intensely young people. This in itself was disheartening. The girls, arrayed in knickerbockers, looked as if they would enjoy hugely anything that I might do in the way of acrobatics, and the boys were offensively proficient. They seemed to be oblivious of the fact that I was a good competent skater when they were having trouble digesting their first carrots. And they were all so good-looking and well dressed. I was on the point of turning back then and there. I felt that my old blue track-sweater looked very seedy. And the funny thing is that it *did*.

However, I had my pride and my little boy's pride in his father which I somehow felt demanded that I go through with the thing. Just how I reasoned it out that making a display of myself on the ice was going to bolster up the family pride, I don't know. Somehow it seemed the thing to do at the time, as the drunk said when asked why he deliberately put his fist through the plate-glass window.

Getting the skates on was not so simple a matter as I remembered it as being, especially as my hands got much colder than they used to in the old days. I worked for some time trying to slip a strap-end under the buckle before I discovered that it was not



I discovered that it was not a strap-end but my forefinger.

a strap-end at all but my forefinger. By the time I was firmly shod, I was chilled through and felt a little grippy. Then I stood up.

The sensation was similar to that of mounting a horse for the first time. I was incredibly high up in the air. I looked to the right, expecting to see Long Island Sound over the tree-tops, but the day was not clear enough. There was a sickening lack of sta-

bility about everything below my knees and I suddenly realized that my ankles were resting on the ice. There ahead of me stretched a glassy expanse,



There was a sickening lack of stability.

with my little boy shivering and urging me on. The young people seemed to have stopped their grace of romping and stood watching me. A tinkling girlish laugh rang out on the frosty air, followed by a "sh-h-h-h!" Very well, I would show them.

So, gathering myself like a panther for a spring, I straightened up my ankles, clenched my fists, gave a powerful swing with my arms, and, with head bent low, pushed off with my right foot into a slow, gliding stroke which carried me easily out to the middle of the pond.

“Come along, son,” I called back, “follow Daddy!”

LOOKING SHAKESPEARE OVER

AT the end of the current theatrical season, the trustees of the Shakespeare estate will probably get together at the Stratford House and get pie-eyed. It has been a banner year for "the Immortal Bard," as his wife used to call him. Whatever the royalties are that revert to the estate, there will be enough to buy a couple of rounds anyway, and maybe enough left over to hire an entertainer.

There was a time during the winter in New York when you couldn't walk a block without stepping on some actor or actress playing Shakespeare. They didn't all make money, but it got the author's name into the papers, and publicity never hurt anyone, let alone a writer who has been dead three hundred years and whose stuff isn't adaptable for the movies.

The only trouble with acting Shakespeare is the actors. It brings out the worst that is in them. A desire to read aloud the soliloquy (you know the one I mean) is one of the first symptoms a man has that he is going to be an actor. If ever I catch any of my little boys going out behind the barn to recite this speech, I will take them right away to a throat

specialist and have their palates removed. One failure is enough in a family.

And then, too, the stuff that Will wrote, while all right to sit at home and read, does *not* lend itself to really snappy entertainment on the modern stage. It takes just about the best actor in the world to make it sound like anything more than a declamation by the young lady representing the Blue and the Gray on Memorial Day. I know that I run counter to many cultured minds in this matter, but I think that, if the truth were known, there are a whole lot more of us who twitch through two-thirds of a Shakespearean performance than the 1920 census would lead one to believe. With a company consisting of one or two stars and the rest hams (which is a good liberal estimate) what can you expect? Even Shakespeare himself couldn't sit through it without reading the ads on the program a little.

But you can't blame the actor entirely. According to present standards of what constitutes dramatic action, most of Will's little dramas have about as much punch as a reading of a treasurer's report. To be expected to thrill over the dramatic situations incident to a large lady's dressing up as a boy and fooling her own husband, or to follow breathlessly a succession of scenes strung together like magic-lantern slides and each ending with a perfectly cork-

ing rhymed couplet, is more than ought to be asked of anyone who has, in the same season, seen "Loyalties" or any one of the real plays now running on Broadway.

It is hard to ask an actor to make an exit on a line like:

"I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone tonight"

without sounding like one of the characters in Palmer Cox's Brownies saying:

"And thus it was the Brownie Band,
Came tumbling into Slumberland."

That is why they always have to exit laughingly in a Shakespearean production. The author has provided them with such rotten exits. If they don't do something—laugh, cry, turn a handspring, or something—they are left flat in the middle of the stage with nothing to do but say: "Well, I must be going." In "The Merchant of Venice," as produced by Mr. Belasco, the characters were forced to keep up a running fire of false-sounding laughter to cover up the artificial nature of what they had just said:

“At the park gate, and therefore haste away
For we must measure twenty miles today. A-ha-
ha-ha-ha-ha!” (*Off l. c.*)

To hear *Lorenzo* and *Gratiano* walking off together you would have thought that *Lorenzo* had the finest line of funny stories in all Venice, so loud and constantly did they laugh, whereas, if the truth were known, it was simply done to save their own and Shakespeare's face. Now my contention is that any author who can't get his stuff over on the stage without making the actors do contortions, is not so good a playwright technically as Eugene Walters is. And now for the matter of comedy.

An actor, in order to get Shakespeare's comedy across, has got to roll his eyes, rub his stomach, kick his father in the seat, make his voice crack, and place his finger against the side of his nose. There is a great deal of talk about the vulgarity and slapstick humor of the movies. If the movies ever tried to put anything over as horsy and crass as the scene in which young *Gobbo* kids his blind father, or *Falstaff* hides in the laundry hamper, there would be sermons preached on it in pulpits all over the country. It is impossible for a good actor, as we know good actors today, to handle a Shakespearean low comedy part, for it demands mugging and tricks

which no good actor would permit himself to do. If Shakespeare were alive today and writing comedy for the movies, he would be the head-liner in the Mack Sennett studios. What he couldn't do with a cross-eyed man!

Another thing which has made the enjoyment of Shakespeare on the stage a precarious venture for this section of the theatre-going public at least, is the thoroughness with which the schools have desiccated his works. In "The Merchant of Venice," for example, there was hardly a line spoken which had not been so diagnosed by English teachers from the third grade up that it had lost every vestige of freshness and grace which it may once have had. Every time I changed schools, I ran into a class which was just taking up "The Merchant of Venice." Consequently, I learned to hate every word of the play. When *Bassanio* said:

"Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her"

in my mind there followed a chorus of memories of questions asked by Miss Mergatroid, Miss O'Shea, Miss Twitchell, Mr. Henby, and Professor Greenally, such as: "Now what did Shakespeare mean by 'Colchis strand'?" "Can anyone in the room tell

me why Portia's lovers were referred to as 'Jasons'? Robert Benchley, I wonder if you can leave off whispering to Harold Bemis long enough to tell me what other Portia in history is mentioned in this passage?"

Perhaps that is the whole trouble with Shakespeare anyway. Too many people have taken him up. If they would let you alone, to read snatches from his plays now and then when you wanted to, and *stop* reading when you wanted to, it might not be so bad. But no! They must ask you what he meant by this, and where the inflection should come on that, and they must stand up in front of scenery and let a lot of hams declaim at you while you are supposed to murmur "Gorgeous!" and "How well he knew human nature!" as if you couldn't go to Bartlett's "Quotations" and get the meat of it in half the time. I wouldn't be surprised, if things keep on as they are, if Shakespeare began to lose his hold on people. I give him ten centuries more at the outside.

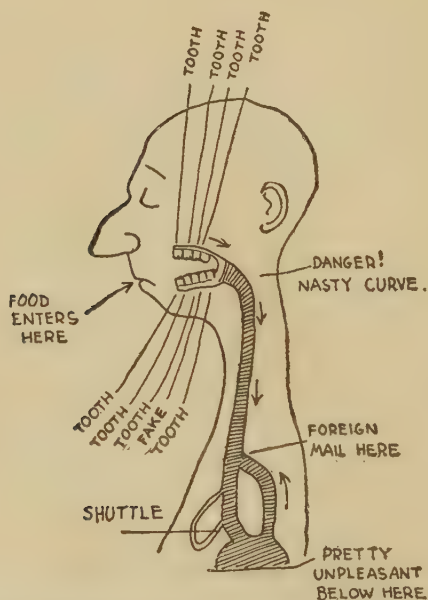
THE ROMANCE OF DIGESTION

WHEN you take a bite of that delicious cookie, or swallow a morsel of that nourishing bread, do you stop to think of the marvelous and intricate process by means of which Mother Nature is going to convert it into bone and sinew and roses for those pretty cheeks? Probably not, and it is just as well. For if you did stop to think of it at that time, you would unquestionably not be able to digest that cookie—or that nourishing bread.

But whether you think of it or not this exciting process of digestion is going on, day in and day out, sometimes pretty badly but always with a great show of efficiency. It is, on the whole, probably one of the worst-done jobs in the world.

First you must know that those hard, white edges of bone which you must have noticed hundreds of times along the front of your mouth, are "teeth," and are put there for a very definite purpose. They are the ivory gates to the body. They are Nature's tiny sentinels, and if you have ever bitten yourself, you will know how sharp they can be, and what efficient little watchmen they are. Just you try to slip your

finger into your mouth without your teeth's permission, and see how far you get. Or try to get it out, once they have captured it.



Cross section of human food duct, showing ludicrous process of self-styled "Digestion."

Now these thousands of brave little soldiers, the teeth, which we have in our mouths, take the food as it comes through the air (in case you are snapping at a butterfly) or from the fork, and separate it into

its component parts (air, land and water). In this process, the teeth are aided by the tongue, which is that awful-looking thing right back of your teeth. Don't look at it!

The tongue (which we may call the escalator of the mouth or Nature's nobleman for short), and the teeth toss the food back and forth between them until there is nothing left of it, except the little bones which you have to take out between your thumb and forefinger and lay on your butter-plate. In doing this be careful that the bone is really on the butter-plate and that it does not stick to your finger so that you put it back into your mouth again on the next trip, for this would make the little white sentries very angry and they might all drop out.

And now comes the really wonderful part of the romance which is being enacted right there under your very eyes. A chemical reaction on the tongue presses a little button which telegraphs down, down, down, 'way down to the cross old Stomach and says: "Please, sir, do you want this food or don't you?" And the Stomach, whom we shall call "Prince Charming" from now on, telegraphs (or more likely writes) back: "Yes, dear!" or "You can do what you like with it for all of me." Just as he happens to feel at the time.

And then, such a hurry and bustle as goes on in

the mouth! "Foodie's going to visit Stomach!" all the little teeth cry, and rush about for all the world as if they were going themselves. "All aboard, all aboard!" calls out the tongue, and there is a great ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and bumping of porters and in the midst of it all, the remnants of that delicious cookie seated nervously on the tongue, ready to be taken down on its first journey alone, down to see Prince Charming. For all the joyousness of the occasion, it is a little sad, too. For that bit of cookie is going to get some terribly tough treatment before it is through.

The food is then placed on a conveyor, by means of which it is taken to the Drying Room, situated on the third floor, where it is taken apart and washed and dried, preparatory to going through the pressing machines. These pressing machines are operated by one man, who stands by the conveyor as it brings the food along and tosses it into the vats. Here all rocks and moss are drawn off by mechanical pickers and the food subjected to treatment in a solution of sulphite, a secret process which is jealously guarded. From here the food is taken to the Play-room where it plays around awhile with the other children until it is time for it to be folded by the girls in the bindery, packed into neat stacks, and wrapped for shipment in bundles of fifty. Some of

these bundles, the proteins, are shipped to the bones of the body, others, the hydrates, go to making muscle, while a third class, the sophomores, contribute to making fatty tissue which nobody wants, that is, not if he has any pride at all about his appearance. The by-products are made into milk-bottle caps, emery wheels, and insurance calendars, and are sold at cost.

Thus we see how wonderfully Nature takes care of us and our little troubles, aided only by soda-mint and bicarbonate.

HOW TO WATCH FOOTBALL

AS almost everyone is late in arriving at a football game, there is a period of perhaps twenty-five minutes after the kick-off when you are milling around outside the gate in the crowd, looking for your proper entrance. This is perhaps the most trying period of all for the spectator. He hears occasional barkings from the quarterback, followed by terrible silence, and then a roar from one side or the other, he can't tell which. Almost anything may have happened. The visiting half-back may be racing down the field for a touchdown, or good old Grimsey of the home-team may have caught a forward pass on the enemy's three-yard line. Alternate waves of apprehension and elation sweep up and down the fur-clad back of the tardy partisan. What to do? What to do?

The first impulse is to jump up on the shoulders of the people standing next you. This would, however, get you nowhere, as they would probably move away after a while and leave you flat. The next idea is to ask someone if he knows what has just hap-



This is perhaps the most trying period of all for the spectator.

pened. This is equally silly, as he is just about to ask you.

The best way is simply to turn around and push your way through the crowd back to the street, where, in a few minutes, newsboys will be selling extras giving the score as far as the first quarter, and, in addition, you will then be able to see how Ursinus and Pratt University stand at the end of their first quarter. Then you can go back into the crowd and wait until another extra is out.

For those who finally do get into their seats, there are several points to be noted before a successful following of the game can be accomplished. In order to see the plays as they are pulled off, there is one thing that is essential. *The man in front of you must be sitting down.* I cannot emphasize this point too strongly. No matter how conversant you may be with the technical side of the game, you simply cannot watch it intelligently if your range of vision is blocked by six square feet of raccoon coat and a pair of waving arms.

You are pretty sure to have one of these boys in front of you. So it is well to be prepared. He will sit quietly until just as the quarterback begins to give the signals. Then he comes up and yells: "Let's go!" It does no good to call "Down in front!" He thinks you are shouting at someone in front of him,

and perhaps joins in the demand himself. There is just one way out. It is the way that all honorable men have taken since the beginning of history when-



Then he comes up and yells: "Let's go!"

ever the good of the state has demanded that they act and act quickly.

We are getting out a spécial folding pocket dagger this season (with sheepskin case, \$7.00). It will go through any fur coat, no matter how heavy, and will inflict a dangerous if not fatal wound.

A very serious mistake to which prospective members of a football crowd are prone is trying to learn the rules. One cannot be too emphatic in condemning this happily diminishing practice. It is likely



Alumni have found "Hold 'em!" alone a complete cheering equipment.

to spoil the entire afternoon for a loyal alumnus, because of its tendency to undermine his belief that all penalties called against the dear old 'varsity are unjust. Then where is the sweet consolation of knowing that we would have won if the referee had

not been on parole from the penal institution to which he was committed for mutilating little children?

It is well, too, for the football enthusiast of maturer years to make no attempt to learn all the Alma Mater yells. Most of them are so complicated that the words can be learned only by years of constant study and so difficult of articulation that they threaten permanent injury to the aging larynx. A better plan is to content yourself with chanting "Touchdown!" or "Hold 'em!" as the case may be. Alumni of some of our leading universities have found "Hold 'em!" alone a complete cheering equipment for years at a time.

In recent years there has arisen a great deal of complaint about not being able to see the players distinctly. This trouble has been traced to the pocket-flask. Perhaps you have been bothered by this. The symptoms follow:

For the first period, everything goes along nicely. The numbers on the players are clearly visible and you can even distinguish their features, so long as their features remain distinguishable to anyone.

Shortly after the beginning of the second period, you discover that there are six men playing in the back-field, in three groups of two each. The quarter also has a friend with him. Their team work

impresses you as being remarkable, as each group of two is perfectly coördinated in its movements. When one man stoops over, his mate stoops at exactly the same angle. You call your friend's attention to this evidence of perfectly bully coaching. He says, "By George, tha's ri'."

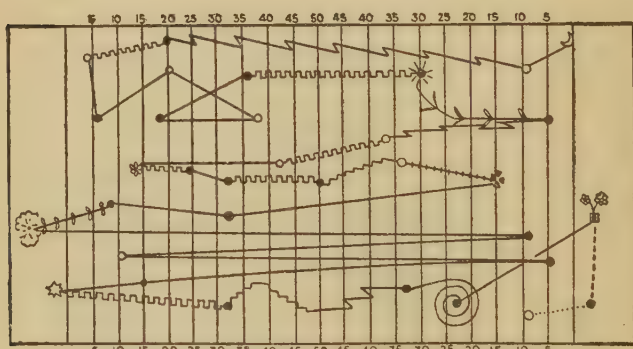


CHART OF THE FINAL PERIOD
AS SEEN BY MR. GEORGE M. GRIMSEY, '99, WHO BROUGHT HIS FLASK ALONG IN CASE HE GOT COLD.

- HARVARD'S BALL
- YALE'S BALL
- PRINCETON'S BALL
- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ END RUN BY MAN WITH TWO SETS OF FEET
- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ FORWARD PASSES BY WHAT SEEMED TO BE A LADY WEARING A SET OF MINK FURS
- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ PARTIAL FOR
- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ TOTAL BLANK
- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ BACK PASS BY FOUR STRANGE MEN
- * PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL PIN-WHEEL DISPLAY
- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ SEISMIC DISTURBANCE
- TIME OUT

But as soon as the ball is put into play, the thing is not so pretty. The men seem to have no idea of what they are doing. Some go one way, some another. Others vanish entirely into thin air. Several of them seem to be smoking, which hides one whole section of the scrimmage line in a sort of haze.

This smoking is, of course, strictly against training regulations and should be punished.

Then the affair degenerates into a sort of May-pole dance, in which all the second-string men and the Freshman team seem to have been invited to join, and you just give the whole thing up in disgust. You won't even look at it. Neither will your buddy. The afternoon is spoiled, just because a lot of selfish boys got silly when they should have been playing football.

These are the symptoms of the faulty vision resulting from pocket-flasks. It is difficult to think up ways to overcome it. Of course, one could always leave the pocket-flask at home, but that seems impractical. It gets so cold along about four o'clock that to be without a flask would be nothing short of foolhardy. A thermos full of coffee might do, but if you have coffee you have to have things to go with it, like apple pie and cheese and crackers, and that would make too big a package.

The only other suggestion is this. Start drinking from the flask at, let us say, ten o'clock on the morning of the game. If necessary, or rather *as soon as* necessary, re-fill the flask. Be within calling-distance of a good, soft couch, with an easy pillow for the head. Don't eat any lunch. Turn the heat on in the room and shut the windows.

Then, when it comes time to start for the game, you will already have started, hand-in-hand with Old Grandpa Sandman, on the road to Never-Never Land, and it won't make any difference whether or not the man in front of you stands up, or the wind blows under the seats, or Yale wins, or anything. For you, my little man, will be safe and warm at home, where, after all, is the place to be on the afternoon of a football game.

PRIZE BREEDING

Getting a Head-Start on the Literary Judges

EVERY year a lot of judges get together and decide on the best novels and plays of the season. Nobody asks them to. They just do it to be funny. And then, after they have made their decision, the fight starts, thus reversing the procedure of prize-fighting.

In order to avoid all this unpleasantness this year, I am going to write both the prize novel and the prize play now and get them out of the way. All I have to work with is a set of trends noted in the novels and plays of the past season, a remarkable knowledge of the working of the human mind, inherited from my grandfather, Immanuel Kant, and a small mirror.

Judging from the batch of extremely personal, introspective novels which we turned out last year, something like this one will do very nicely. We will call it:

COFFEE-GROUNDS

Chapter 1

The boyhood of Elmer Rell. His father is a fire-bug and his mother hates children. Elmer is kept locked up in the trunk-room until he is eleven years old and is never told anything about walking. He doesn't know that there is such a thing. All he has ever done is hitch himself along on his hips from one end of the trunk-room to the other. At the age of eleven, Elmer is visited by a neighbor's son who has climbed up on the roof and in at the attic window. The neighbor's son tells him that everybody is walking now, and teaches him some of the simpler steps. This so excites Elmer that he lies awake all night wondering what to do about it. At about three in the morning he climbs out on the roof and drops to the ground, walking to the corner of the street as a climax.

Chapter 2

Drunk with his new-found power, Elmer keeps on walking until he comes to the railroad tracks. Here he meets Bessie. Bessie's last name is 14,214, her father and mother having been inmates of the State Institution and numbered 7,310 and 6,904, respectively. Bessie is just learning how to cross-stitch

and is as nervously wrought up over it as Elmer is about walking. They sit down on the track to talk it over and compare enthusiasms. The 7:52 comes along, and about Friday they wake up in Emporia, Kansas.

Chapter 3

The Great War breaks out and Elmer is drafted as a carriage-starter. He is forced to live on a mud-scow in the middle of the Seine. His buddie is a Chinaman, and one night Elmer wakes up and finds him trying to saw off his (Elmer's) foot. Elmer kills the Chinaman and is court-martialed for eating candy during parade. He is sent to prison and the Germans win the war.

Chapter 4

In the meantime, Bessie has taken up peddling dope in front of the Public Library in New York City. She has a little stand right by the crossest-looking lion, and has a yellow banner draped across the front of it, reading "Please buy a Deck for Auld Time's Sake." Business is bad, however, and she is forced to solicit subscriptions for the *Saturday Evening Post* in her spare time. Elmer, released

from jail, meets her one night going from house to house with her little canvas bag of *Posts* and asks her what she is doing. She lies to him and says that she is peddling dope, but he sees through her deception. He tells her that he has a nice little cottage down at Atlantic City and suggests a week-end there. When they get on the train he tells her that he has no cottage at all. They get off at Manhattan Transfer.

THE END

Then it is a pretty safe bet that there will be another super-spectacle to compete with "The Miracle." It will be advertised that 500,000 yards of rubber-sheeting went into making the big picnic scene and that the three Queens of Bosnia have all been brought over to compete for the rôle of the *Matron in the Jail*.

Here is your spectacle:

"RAMADIN, OR THE WONDERFUL TIME"

The first scene is in the courtyard of the palace of Old King Cole, the notorious Merry Old Soul. There has been a big festival at which the King has bought a dozen elephants, none of which he likes

but all of which like him. He has appealed to Alice Walker, a native princess who is versed in mystic lore, to tell him what to do. She has advised him to leave town at once and begin all over again in another country. As the curtain rises the king is seen opening tins of anchovies in preparation for the birthday party of the Infanta, who will be forty-three on Wednesday.

Three wise men come in bringing a message from the mayor of Rochester to the mayor of Utica. They tell the king that the way the tides are running now he will be lucky if he makes Fall River before dark and then only if he uses his motor. This is just enough to make the king pretty sore, and he decides that he will win the princess or know the reason why. At the end of the show he knows the reason why.

The second scene is in the public market-place, where a large number of old people are gathered together to see who is the oldest. This is a national fête of the country, and is called High, Low, Jack and the Game. The king enters and asks the man who takes tickets if he has seen anyone named Harry. The man asks him if he means Harry Ape, and dies laughing. The native girls then join in a dance around the pump, which is supposed to propitiate the gods and bring rainy crops. It has

never worked yet, according to one of the hangers-on, but that doesn't keep the dance from lasting twenty-five minutes.

The last scene shows the king as an old man sitting in front of the fire, smoking his pipe, while all the girls that he has loved pass before him in the smoke. There is the Tennis Girl, the Outdoor Girl, the Big Girl, the Dog-Faced Girl, and the Girl who was seen leaving the Metropole Hotel on the night of the Rosenthal murder. As the last girl passes by, the king folds up his toys and says: "And now for the best little girl of them all—my mother." (*His aunt enters.*)

CURTAIN

FOR RELEASE MONDAY

Autobiographical Disclosures in the Informal Manner

ENCOURAGED by the form and subject matter of the Mark Twain autobiography, I have decided to write mine now. There are fifteen or twenty minutes each day when I have nothing to do, and I might as well be writing an autobiography as shaving. In fact, I find that I can shave *and* write an autobiography in the Mark Twain fashion, all in the same fifteen or twenty minutes.

My method is as follows: I sit by an open window in my farmhouse at Lexington Ave. and 49th St., smoking, reading, shaving, anything. Then, when something occurs to me that I think might possibly go into my autobiography, I shout it out the window at my brother-in-law who is puttering around in the back yard. He takes it down on the back of an envelope or an old laundry list and, when he comes into the house at night, puts these notes away in a big box which he keeps for the purpose. As soon as this box is full of old envelopes with notes on them,

it is to be locked and placed in the cornerstone of the new Merchants' National Bank Building, along with a copy of the New York "Times" of even date. When, in the course of seventy or eighty years, the Merchants' Bank Building is torn down to make room for an apartment house, the box is to be opened and the manuscript given to the world in book form. If it causes any hard feeling then, I shall be up in Maine trout fishing and won't hear about it.

Material for the first volume has already accumulated, and is herewith printed for private circulation. Readers are placed on their honor not to divulge the plot.

THE BENCHLEY INFORMAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAP. I

THE STEWART DICTATIONS

(Dictated about seven o'clock)

The first time I ever saw Donald Ogden Stewart he was eating lunch with Edmund Wilson, Jr. They were having Yankee pot roast (.85). Stewart told me that he had just come from Brooks Brothers where he had been having a terrible time about a golf suit that they had sold him. It seems that the coat didn't fit very well and he had taken it back

to have it altered, but the people at Brooks had said that all alterations, except for moving buttons, etc., would be charged for extra. Stewart protested but the Brooks people were adamant. I told him that I thought that the whole thing was outrageous, and Wilson said that he thought so, too. We went over to Brooks together and saw Mr. Brooks and his brother Mr. Brooks. It was no use. Stewart got a bill for eight dollars over and above the price of the suit which was sixty dollars, making a total of sixty-six dollars.

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In a conference with my lawyers I told them about the Stewart affair and they said that Stewart could bring action against the Brooks people. I called up Stewart and told him this, but it wasn't Stewart who answered the telephone.

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(Dictated Thursday)

At a dinner given Stewart by the West Side Bowling Association an amusing incident happened. The speaker of the evening was General Leonard Wood. As the guests were coming in, Stewart and I approached General Wood and said: "I guess you wish now that you hadn't worn that funny looking collar, General." The General laughed and said: "I don't

remember." This showed that he, as well as Stewart, had a good heart.

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In December I went around with Stewart again to see the Brooks outfit about that overcharge of eleven dollars. They said that nothing could be done about it. That was on a Tuesday. On the following Monday nothing had been done about it.

CHAP. 2

EARLY DAYS IN WORCESTER

(Dictated during a light sleep)

I was born on September 15, 1889, in Worcester, Massachusetts. I remember that there was a boy in school named George Dixon. Later, when I went back to Worcester to get some things I had left there up in the attic, I found that George had moved and gone to Utica.

There was an old man in Worcester when I was a boy who sold cornucopias. "Motorcycle Dan," we boys used to call him. One day he called me up on the telephone and said that he had some very good cornucopias in fresh that day and would I like one. I said that I would be right down. So I got Arthur Stone and Walter Woodward and Harri-

son Prentice and Will Weir and we all three went down to "Motorcycle Dan's."

Will said: "Well, Dan, how about those cornucopias?"

"Well, Mars' Will," said Dan, "I did have some, but they are all gone."

Will Weir is working in New York now. Arthur Stone is still in Worcester. I saw him when I went back there last year. Walter Woodward is still in Worcester, but I didn't see him. As I said before, George Dixon is in Utica.*

CHAP. 3

CHAPTERS ADDED IN FALL RIVER 1923

(Dictated in the Ocean House, Fall River, Massachusetts, 1923. Present, Mr. Benchley, Mr. Weaver, Miss Whitcomb, secretary, and the Sheriff)

I have just found out about that overcharge of Brooks Brothers against Donald Ogden Stewart. It was Donald *Harrington* Stewart who had the changes made and who was charged sixty-nine dollars. Don-

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is Albany that George Dixon lives in now. R. B. was mistaken.

ald Ogden Stewart never bought a golf suit in his life, which is very lucky.

CHAP. 4

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. BENCHLEY
WRITTEN BY HIS LITTLE SON, BOBBY BENCHLEY,
AT THE AGE OF FIVE

"Daddy is a very funny man, at least he thinks he is. Today he tried to carry some wood up from the cellar to burn in the fireplace and jammed his hand against the cellar door. 'There goes my hand against the door!' he said."

Bobby is wrong there. "What the goddamn!" is what I said, although it *was* the cellar door and it *was* wood for the fireplace.

CHAP. 5

EARLY DAYS IN WORCESTER

(Dictated but not read)

My grandfather, Henry W. Benchley, wore a beard. I never knew him, but I have seen pictures of him. My grandmother on my mother's side was

a Heyward, although I don't think that I ever knew her either. The Heywards were always very quiet people and kept to themselves a great deal; so it is quite possible that I never met her. On my father's side everyone was either a Goddard or a Gale. One of my forebears, I think it was an Endicott, later had his name changed to Lipsky.

I remember how good baked beans and fish balls used to taste at Sunday morning breakfast.

(Thursday, April, May)

Mr. Benchley intercedes in behalf of Thurston, the Magician—As Mayor, he vetoes the Traction Bill—Home life at Kneecap—Mr. Benchley's letter to ex-President Taft—The big drought of 1920—Bobby and his father have a fight.

It was early in 1920, I think, when we moved to Scarsdale. We had a terrible time making the furnace work, I remember, because it wasn't all there, the house being new. So I called up the furnace people and said: "Look here. You didn't send all of our furnace. We can't start a fire when all the coal drops right down into the place where the ashes are supposed to be. You'll have to send a grate right up."

The furnace dealer said (as nearly as I can re-

member): "There was a grate in the furnace when it was sent to your house. Have you looked everywhere for it? Perhaps you threw it away with the excelsior."

I said: "I did *not* throw it away with the excelsior. I threw the *shaker* away with the excelsior but not the grate. I guess I ought to know what I threw away with the excelsior and what I didn't."

This floored him, and he hung up.

I afterward found out that he was the same man who had worked in Brooks Brothers years before and who had been so disagreeable about that overcharge on Donald Stewart's suit.

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I met a man the other day who said that he was Dr. Fisher. "What Dr. Fisher?" I asked. "*The* Dr. Fisher," he replied. There was a Dr. Fisher who used to live in Worcester, but I don't think it was he, because that Dr. Fisher was a woman.

VISITORS' DAY AT THE JOKE FARM

THE wind blew gently along the porch of the Home for Aged Jokes. It was a pleasant time for sitting about and recalling the old days, the days when *Puck* and *Judge* were championing Grover Cleveland and the Full Dinner-pail respectively, and when *Life* had the same cover-design every week.

"I remember," said the heavy tragedian, who wore a shabby fur-trimmed ulster with one hand thrust in at the breast, and whose name was *Junius Brutus Hamfat*, "I remember the time when I was held to be one of the leading features of the magazine and was placed in a preferred position on the right-hand page following the poem of Cupid. It was the rather absurd pleasure to depict me walking along the railroad ties by a mile-post reading, 'New York—200M,' but I assure you—"

"Say, dat don't go wid me," said *Dusty Rhodes*, the tramp with a tomato can tied around his waist. "Me and my pardner *Weary Willie* seen you practically every day hittin' de ties when we wus cookin' our meals down in de hollow by de tracks. An' you

was aluss in de same place, two hundred miles from Noo York. A fine walker, you wus. Nit!"

"Aw weally, you chaps make me vewwy ill," came a voice from behind the back of a large rocker where *Cholly Supleigh* was sitting with the end of his cane in his mouth. "I was considered—aw-weally-doncherknow—to be the-aw-best thing in the whole bloomin' field. A gweat many times they wan me in colors, with a weal yellow chrysanthemum in my button-hole of my box-coat, doncherknow. I have that box-coat upstairs in my trunk now. Shall I go up and put it on? Just for fun, you know?"

"If you do that," said *Dr. Goodbody*, the missionary, "I shall go out into the barn and get my old cauldron which I haven't been cooked in for twenty-five years. I understand that the cannibal chief who used to work with me in the pictures (by the way, he never returned that silk hat of mine that he used to wear) has a job over in town at a restaurant and we might persuade him to come over for an afternoon when he has his day off. He was really a good chap at heart, and in spite of the skulls and things scattered around his place, I don't remember his ever really eating me."

"It would have been all right with me if he had," muttered an angry man who came in from the street rubbing his toe. "That's the five thousandth time

I've kicked that old hat out on the side-walk without guessing that the boys might have put a brick under it. You'd think that I'd have learned by this time not to give in to my impulses like that. It used to be only on April Fools' Day that the boys did it, back in the old funny-paper days, but the town boys here have got wind of my failing and never let a chance slip by to humiliate me."

"I used to be like that, heedless. I used to skate, day after day, just as near as I could come to the sign marked 'Danger.' But here I am to tell the tale." The fact seemed hardly worth boasting of, however, as the speaker hadn't even a name. He was just *The Man Who Used to Skate Near the Danger Sign*, and was sitting with *The Man Who Used to Turn His Back to a Charging Bull and Say, "I Have a Feeling That I Am Going to be Raised Today."* Nameless heroes both, and soon forgotten.

As the sun grew hotter, the talk fell off. From the field in back of the house came the sound of pistol shots. Little *Willie Bostonbeans*, seated on a large volume of Browning, became philosophical. "Isn't it incongruous," he said, "that, deprived of a means of obtaining sustenance, we should be thrown thus on an eleemosynary institution, while those ordinance vibrations in the back yard would indicate that *Alkali Ike* the cow-boy is out there practicing shots

at *Willie Tenderfoot* to make him dance, hoping that some day they may be called into service again. When one reflects, there is a bitterness about it all which—”

“Lydia, hasn’t that young man gone yet?” called the *Irate Father* from the top of the stairs. “It’s past eleven o’clock.”

But there being no *Lydia* to answer, and no *Young Man* to go, the rest of the characters looked at each other silently and tapped their heads, indicating that the *Irate Father* was having another one of his spells.

Suddenly there came the sound of tiny feet pattering down the hall-way and across the porch and down the steps tripped a little girl holding onto her mother’s hand. As she swept by with the cruel aloofness of youth, the pensioners heard her ask:

“Muvver, what did Daddy mean when he said—”

The rest was lost in the slamming of the door of the limousine into which the ever-young joke had flung herself.

“Where is she going, like that?” asked the tragedian.

“They are making up the first February number,” said *Dr. Goodbody*, “and the editors have sent for her to come over and help them out.”

ADVICE TO INVESTORS

IN the reaction following the election (the 1924 election, that is) the market has shown decided tendencies. So much we can be certain of.

Take bank clearings. (And wouldn't you like to!) Bank clearings have shown tendencies which cannot be ignored. In 1907, during the hot spell, Owagena Zinc and Bicarb went off forty points, leaving thousands of investors looking into space. This lesson was hardly learned, before it went off again, this time to Atlantic City. Nobody was to blame. It was just one of those things. But it gave the market a shock from which it hardly recovered during the season 1907-8-9-10.

In June 1917 both production and consumption picked up. It was late on the evening of June 19 that credit became inflated. The inflation was first noticed by a passer-by who, in turn, notified the police. The cry of "Credit Inflation! Credit Inflation!" soon filled the streets, and there was a panic.

This much is history. What is not generally known is that the Federal Reserve Board (then known as the State Boxing Commission), in an at-

tempt to stabilize the situation and bring chaos out of order, threw onto the market three hundred thousand (450,000) shares of U. S. Whistle with a view to breaking the deadlock. The result was an influx of gold and another panic.

Now if we can learn anything at all from this, it is that during periods of great national excitement, such as the Six Day Bicycle Race or Presidential Elections, stocks which are safe are likely to be affected in one of three ways. The reader of this department knows very well what those three ways are; so it would be just stupid to re-state them. Suffice it to say that one of them begins with a "W."

This brings us up to the present condition of the market and an analysis of its significance. According to the tabulation of the Commercial and Financial Chronicle (in its special St. Valentine's Day Number) bank clearings registered an increase of 18.7 per cent. over the same period a year ago. This does not take into consideration the naturally depressing effect of those factors stated above. Europe's plight has not been without its influence either. Europe's plight is never without its significance. No matter what you are figuring on doing, you must count on Europe's plight to furnish at least fifty per cent. of the significance and ten per cent. of the gross. That makes sixty per cent., to be di-

vided among eleven people, or a per capita distribution of approximately \$43.85555.

Bringing the whole thing down to cold facts it becomes obvious that the wise investor will put his money in some good safe mortgage bonds paying a cool 3 per cent. and then take up his music again. Never neglect your music, and bring your children up to be musical.

"ASK THAT MAN"

THIS is written for those men who have wives who are constantly insisting on their asking questions of officials.

For years I was troubled with the following complaint: Just as soon as we started out on a trip of any kind, even if it were only to the corner of the street, Doris began forcing me to ask questions of people. If we weren't quite sure of the way: "Why don't you ask that man? He could tell you." If there was any doubt as to the best place to go to get chocolate ice-cream, she would say: "Why don't you ask that boy in uniform? He would be likely to know."

I can't quite define my aversion to asking questions of strangers. From snatches of family battles which I have heard drifting up from railway stations and street corners, I gather that there are a great many men who share my dislike for it, as well as an equal number of women who, like Doris, believe it to be the solution of most of this world's problems. The man's dread is probably that of making himself appear a pest or ridiculously uninformed. The



GUYAS
WILLIAMS

I gather that there are a great many men who share my
dislike for it.

woman's insistence is based probably on experience which has taught her that *any* one, no matter who, knows more about things in general than her husband.



GW

My voice isn't very reliable in crises.

Furthermore, I never know exactly how to begin a request for information. If I preface it with, "I beg your pardon!" the stranger is likely not to hear, especially if he happens to be facing in another direction, for my voice isn't very reliable in crises

and sometimes makes no intelligible sound at all until I have been talking for fully a minute. Often I say, "I beg your pardon!" and he turns quickly and says, "What did you say?" Then I have to repeat, "I beg your pardon!" and he asks, quite naturally, "What for?" Then I am stuck. Here I am, begging a perfect stranger's pardon, and for no apparent reason under the sun. The wonder is that I am not knocked down oftener.

It was to avoid going through life under this pressure that I evolved the little scheme detailed herewith. It cost me several thousand dollars, but Doris is through with asking questions of outsiders.

We had started on a little trip to Boston. I could have found out where the Boston train was in a few minutes had I been left to myself. But Doris never relies on the signs. Someone must be asked, too, just to make sure. Confronted once by a buck-board literally swathed in banners which screamed in red letters, "This bus goes to the State Fair Grounds," I had to go up to the driver (who had on his cap a flag reading "To the State Fair Grounds") and ask him if this bus surely went to the State Fair Grounds. He didn't even answer me.

So when Doris said: "Go and ask that man where the Boston train leaves from," I gritted my teeth and decided that the time had come. Simulating con-

versation with him, I really asked him nothing, and returned to Doris, saying, "Come on. He says it goes from Track 10."

Eight months later we returned home. The train that left on Track 10 was the Chicago Limited, which I had taken deliberately. In Chicago I again falsified what "the man" told me, and instead of getting on the train back to New York we went to Little Rock, Arkansas. Every time I had to ask where the best hotel was, I made up information which brought us out into the suburbs, cold and hungry. Many nights we spent wandering through the fields looking for some place that never existed, or else in the worst hotel in town acting on what I said was the advice of "that kind-looking man in uniform."

From Arkansas, we went into Mexico, and once, guided by what I told her had been the directions given me by the man at the news-stand in Vera Cruz, we made a sally into the swamps of Central America, in whatever that first republic is on the way south. After that, Doris began to lose faith in what strange men could tell us. One day, at a little station in Mavicos, I said: "Wait a minute, till I ask that man what is the best way to get back into America," and she said, sobbing: "Don't ask anybody. Just do what you think is best." Then I knew that the

fight was over. In ten days I had her limp form back in New York and from that day to this she hasn't once suggested that I ask questions of a stranger.

The funny part of it is, I constantly find myself asking them. I guess the humiliation came in being told to ask.

CELL-FORMATIONS AND THEIR WORK

IT is only recently that science has found out the exact structure of the tiny cell-formations which go to make up life. Only yesterday, in fact.

Every higher animal starts life as a single cell. This much is obvious. Look at the rainbow. Look at the formation of frost on the window-pane. Don't look now. Wait a minute. . . . Now look.

This cell measures no more than $1/125$ of an inch in diameter at first, but you mustn't be discouraged. It looks like nothing at all, even under the strongest microscope, and, before we knew just how important they were, they were often thrown away. We now know that if it were not for these tiny, tiny cells, we should none of us be here today. This may or may not be a recommendation for the cells. *Quien sabe?*

Shortly after the cell decides to go ahead with the thing, it gets lonely and divides itself up into three similar cells, just for company's sake and to have someone to talk to. They soon find out that they aren't particularly congenial, so they keep on dividing themselves up into other cells until there is a

regular mob of them. Then they elect an entertainment committee and give a show.

After the show, there is a fight, and the thing breaks up into different cliques or groups. One group think they are white corpuscles or *phagocytes*. Others go around saying that they are *red* corpuscles and to hell with the white.

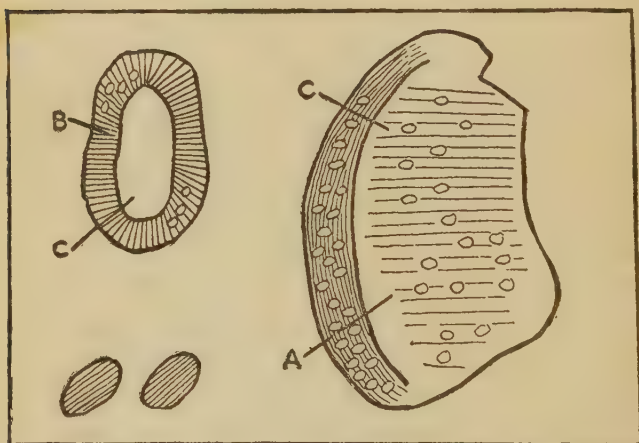
The other groups of cells devote themselves to music, æsthetic dancing, and the formation of starch which goes into dress-shirts. They are all very happy and very busy, and it's nobody's business *what* they do when they aren't working. We certainly are not going to snoop into that here.

We must take up, however, the work of the brain-cells, as it is in the brain that the average man of today does his thinking. (Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!)

Oh, let's *not* take up the brain-cells. You know as much about them as anybody does, and what's the use anyway? Suppose you *do* learn something to-day. You're likely to die tomorrow, and there you are.

And we *must* go into the question of the size of these cells. That really is important. In about $1/150000$ of a cubic inch of blood there are some five million cells afloat. This is, as you will see, about the population of the City of London, except that the cells don't wear any hats. Thus, in our

whole body, there are perhaps (six times seven is forty-two, five times eight is forty, put down naught and carry your four, eight times nine is seventy-two and four is seventy-six, put down six and carry your



Differentiation of cells in the lens of an eye. Doesn't mean a thing.

seven and then, adding, six, four, three, one, six, naught, naught, naught), oh, about a billion or so of these red corpuscles alone, not counting overhead and breakage. In the course of time, that runs into figures.

Now when it comes to reproduction, you have to look out. In the cuttlefish, for example, there is

what is known as "greesion" or budding. The organism as a whole remains unaltered, except that one small portion of it breaks off and goes into business for itself. This, of course, makes a very pretty picture, but gets nowhere. In the case of multi-cellular animals, like the orange, it results in a frightful confusion.

We should have said that there are two classes of animals, unicellular and multicellular. From the unicellular group we get our coal, iron, wheat and ice, and from the multicellular our salt, pepper, chutney and that beautiful silk dress which milady wears so proudly. Woolen and leather goods we import.

You will see then that by grafting a piece of one species on another species, you can mix the cells and have all kinds of fun. Winkler, in 1902, grafted a piece of *Solanum* (the genus to which the potato belongs) onto a stock of another kind, and then, after the union had been established, cut the stem across, just at the point of junction. The bud was formed of the intermingled tissues of the two species and was most peculiar-looking.

Winkler was arrested.

“THE KING OF RAZBO-JAZBO”

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS PRESENTED BY THE
FALSE BEARD AND BUSKIN CLUB
OF RASHER UNIVERSITY

Curtain advertised at 8:30

Goes up at 9:15

on

ACT I

The Veranda of the Country Club
Opening Chorus of Tennis Girls

(The TENNIS GIRLS reading from left to right are Maddock, '26, assistant manager of the base-ball team; Loubie, '26, cox of the crew; Timson, '25, third-base; and Roon, '26, shot-putter. Roon and Timson decided to wait until the dance after the performance before shaving. Maddock has a full-rigged schooner tattooed on his forearm.)

TENNIS GIRLS

Hello, people, here we are!
Girls who dote on tennis.
People come from near and far—
They even come from Venice.

Chorus

Oh, we are merry tennis girls
Dressed in fancy frocks and curls.
We bat the ball around the place
And mineralava on our face.

(None of these words are heard, owing to the TENNIS GIRLS remembering only a few of them and the audience screaming with laughter during the rest. Loud feminine shrieks of "Look at Fred!" and "There's Harry!" predominate. Enter DICK.)

DICK

Hello, everybody! My father has just told me that he is going to take me out of college because of that little mix-up at the frat-house last week and is going to put me into business. I am looking for Mildred to tell her. Where is Mildred, by the way?

TENNIS GIRLS

(In more or less unison)

Oh, Mr. Mortimer! Mildred is out on the golf-course with that French count who is creating such a furor among the girls. You had better watch out.

DICK

Oh, she is, is she? Well, we'll see about that. I love Mildred and I intend to marry her.

TENNIS GIRLS

Hooray for Dick!

DICK

And what's more, I'm going to take her out in a canoe this very night and propose to her. Do you know, girls, there is nothing like a canoe on a June night for proposing to a girl?

(Song by DICK and TENNIS GIRLS)

"JUNE NIGHT, A CANOE, AND YOU"

Oh, you may sing about your aëroplanes
Your gondolas and such,

But when it comes to making love,
They don't amount to much.

Chorus

For it's give me a June night
A spoon night, canoeing
With Helen, or Mazie or Nell
And it's give me the lake as a place to go
wooing
No other place does quite so well.
But all other girls seem to pale into nothing
When compared to the charms of the one I
love best
So it's give me a June night, canoe-night
and something
My Girl of the Golden West.

(Tremendous applause and three encores; at the end of which the TENNIS GIRLS are completely winded. Enter MILDRED on the arm of the COUNT.)

MILDRED

Oh, Dick, I want you to meet Count de Whooziz,
a very good friend of mine.

DICK

How do you do, Count Whatziz. (*Aside*) I've seen this guy before some place. Where can it be?

COUNT

How do ze do? I hop' I do not ze intrude?

DICK

Oh, no, not at all. That is—not *much*.

(*Enter DICK's father, MR. MORTIMER*)

MR. MORTIMER

Ah, you young rascal! What's this I hear——

(*At this point MR. MORTIMER's gray whisker on the left side becomes unstuck and flaps vigorously up and down as he speaks. This throws MR. MORTIMER up in his lines and the rest of the cast into hysterics. A compromise is finally effected by removing the loose bit and placing it in his pocket, but it is several minutes before the audience and cast are brought around to a point where the show can proceed. In the excitement, MR. MORTIMER skips three pages of script and goes ahead, omitting one fifth of the act completely. Nobody notices the difference.*)

MR. MORTIMER

And so I have decided to send you to our branch office in Razbo-Jazbo and see what you are good for.

MARION

If Dick goes to Razbo-Jazbo, I go with him.

TOMMY

And so will I.

THE GREENS-KEEPER

And so will I!

TENNIS GIRLS

(In barytone unison)

Let's all go to Razbo-Jazbo with Dick! Hurrah!
Hurrah!

FINALE TO FIRST ACT

We're off to Razbo-Jazbo!
That funny, funny isle.
We're off to Razbo-Jazbo
And that is why we smile

We're off, we're off, we're off, we're off
To Raz-bo-Jazbo, to Raz-bo-Jaz-bo
Tra-la-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!

Curtain

Between the acts there is general visiting among members of the audience, and it is generally agreed that Harry is splendid, that Lew makes a wonderful girl and that Ted is surprisingly good, in fact that they *all* are taking their parts just corkingly. As a matter of fact, this is *not* so. They are all pretty terrible.

ACT II

Palace of the King of Razbo-Jazbo

CHORUS OF RAZBO-JAZBO GIRLS

The Razbo-Jazbo Girls range in height from six-feet-three to five-feet-one and could make up a fairly good boat-crew if necessary. Several club dinners before the show have helped give one or two of them a sense of the ridiculousness of the whole thing and they laugh softly to themselves during the more intricate steps of their dance. The dance, as a whole, is a failure.

RAZBO-JAZBO GIRLS

Welcome to Razbo-Jazbo
Welcome to this town
It isn't much to look at
But it sure is done up brown.
So welcome everybody
And welcome others, too.
And whatever you perhaps don't like
You know what you can do.

(Enter DICK and everybody from the first act.)

DICK

Hello, everybody! Is this Razbo-Jazbo?

THE KING

Yes, it is. But I don't know how much longer it will be. My enemy, the King of Hankey-Pankey, is coming today and if he finds out that I am still king here, he is likely to tear the whole place down. I don't suppose that you would do me the favor to take my place as king for one day?

DICK

Why, sure I would. My father thinks that I am

no good, and if he found out that I was elected king on my first day in Razbo-Jazbo, he would probably leave me all his money and allow me to marry Mildred.

KING

Who is Mildred?

DICK

Mildred? She is the Girl of my Dreams.

Song

“THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS”

DICK AND MILDRED

There is always a time when you feel rather
blue

And the world seems to be all wrong.

It's the time when you wish all your dreams would
come true

And life was a long, sweet song.

But now it's all different from that, my dear.

And the days bring their share of regret

For the one who is wondering all alone

Is the one whom you can't forget.

Chorus

O wonderful girl of my dreams,
O wonderful dreams of my girl,
When you are and you are and you are and you
And the only one you are is you, my dear,
And the only one you are is you.

KING

Now I see why you are willing to take my place
for a day. Well, here's my crown and make-up. I
wish you good luck.

*(DICK puts on KING's crown and make-up and
everybody laughs.)*

MILDRED

Well, now you are a regular full-fledged king, all
you need is a full-fledged queen and a jack——

*(Enter the KING OF HANKEY-PANKEY with a
dozen henchmen.)*

KING OF H. P.

Throw up your hands!

DICK

Cold hands!

KING

No fooling, now. I mean business. If you don't throw up your hands, I'll shoot you down like a dog. Ready, men! One—two——

(Shouting is heard in the distance and on rushes the University Cross-Country Team.)

DICK

The boys from the locker-building! We're saved!
(The Cross-Country Team seize the KING OF HANKEY-PANKEY and tear off his wig, disclosing DICK's Father.)

DICK

Father! What are you doing here in that rig?

FATHER

It's all right, my boy. I just did it to test you. I wanted to see if you had nerve enough to face the music. Now that I see that you have, I will turn the business over to you.

DICK

And I may marry Mildred?

FATHER

With all my heart.

(DICK and MILDRED embrace.)

Finale

Oh, welcome everybody
We're off to the U.S.A.
We've had our fun in Razbo-Jazbo
And we hope you've had the same,
So welcome everybody
And the Girl of my Dreams.

Curtain

Following the descent of the curtain, the entire cast circulates among the audience in semi-make-up receiving congratulations.

A dance follows in which eleven couples become engaged to be married and fourteen members of the cast pass out cold.

BIOGRAPHY BY INCHES

(Such as has recently been done for Keats)

A LIFE OF WILLIAM BODNEY

*Together with an Examination of His Poetry and
Punctuation*

I

GENESIS

THE weather report submitted by the Suffix Weather Bureau on May 11, 1837, states that shortly after three in the afternoon there was a light rain, a precipitation of some .005 inches. There is a certain sad significance in this technical statement of the Weather Bureau, for during that light rain, George and Edna Bodney were married in the south vestry of Queen's Church.

We know that it was the south vestry because of a letter written the next day by the Rev. Dr. Morbeling, the rector, to his sister, Mrs. Wrethnam. "Such a mess, such a mess!" writes Dr. Morbeling. "The north vestry has been torn up by plumbers and plas-

terers for over a week now, throwing all the business into that dark, damp old south vestry which is very difficult to work in owing to the danger of tripping over the litter of kindergarten chairs."

North or south vestry, however, it is certain (and essential) that George and Edna Bodney were married on May 11, 1837, for on May 13, 1837, William Bodney was born.

II

BROOK AND RIVER

Of the boyhood of William Bodney we know but little. He was brought up as most of the boys in Suffex were brought up, except for the fact that he did not go out of doors until he was eleven, and then only to strike at the postman. He was kept in the house so much because of an old prejudice of Edna Bodney's against fireflies.

We catch a glimpse of Bodney's school life, however, in a letter written by Charles Cod, a fellow student at Wimperis School (From the Danker Collection):

"There are lots of fellows here in school," writes Cod; "among them Henry Mamsley, Ralph Dyke, Luther Fennchurch, William Bodney, Philip Masteter and Norman Walsh."

Cod is no doubt accurate in his letter, although a note of personal prejudice which creeps in now and again makes it a little hard to rely on his judgment.

No more trustworthy is Norman Rully, writing to Ashman in 1845 (Author's Collection) when he says that Bodney paid "three shillings for a pair of skates." This is unquestionably an error on Rully's part, for skates at that time cost five shillings if they cost a nickel.

III

EARLY POETRY

We first find Bodney displaying his genius on the occasion of the presentation to him of a knitted necktie by Laura Pensick, the sister of his friend Alan Pensick. The tie was given to him early in the afternoon and by evening the young man had composed the following sonnet in honor of its fair donor:

LINES ON OPENING A LETTER AND FINDING SAND IN IT

When hours of sorry death have thundered by
And with them open windows to the sea
Lycurgus from his moss-bedowered tree
Brings asphodel to deck the starry sky.

The winter-scarred olympids homeward fly
And softly spread their golden heraldry
Yet Lacedemon does not wake in fantasy
Nor Thetis sing her songs to such as I.

So, Laura, how shall Eros take his due
Or crafty Xerxes leave his tent at night
If, dropping down from his cerulean blue,
He brings not gold with him wherewith to fight?
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And, what is more, you'll be a man, my son.

.

The boy in Bodney is fading and giving place to the man. This sonnet, while not perfect, shows what was going on in the youth's mind. Of course, "moss-bedowered tree" is bad, and Lacedemon was the name of a country, not a person, but "winter-scarred olympids" makes up for a great deal, and the picture of decking "the starry sky" with asphodel comes doubtless from Bodney's vacation days in Polpero where there are a lot of rocks and seaweed. Henry Willers, in a most interesting paper on *Bodney's Relation to Open Windows*, points out that the "open windows to the sea" probably refers to an old window of his aunt's which she kept upstairs in the house at Ragley. Mr. Willers is probably right also in believing that in line six, the word

"their" comes from a remark made by Remson to Bodney concerning some plovers sent him (Remson) after a hunting trip. "I am using *their* feathers," Remson is reported to have said, "to make a watch fob with."

These are fascinating speculations, but we must not linger too long with them. Even as we speculate, the boy Bodney is turning into the man Bodney, and is looking searchingly at the life about him. Poor Bodney! We know now that he looked once too often.

IV

SHOPPING IN LONDON

The first big adventure in William Bodney's life was a trip up to London to buy shoes. The shoes which he had been wearing in Suffix, we learn from the Town Clerk's record, were "good enough," but "good enough" was never a thing to satisfy William Bodney. The fashion at the time was to wear shoes only to parties and coronations, but Bodney was never one to stick to the fashion.

So bright and early on the morning of April 9, 1855, the young man set out for the city, full of the vigor of living. Did he go by coach or by foot? We do not know. On the coach records of April 9,

there is a passenger listed as "Enoch Reese," but this was probably not William Bodney. There is no reason why he should have traveled under the name of "Enoch Reese." But whether he went by coach or over the road, we do know that he must have passed through Weeming-on-Downs, as there was no way of getting to London from Suffix without passing through Weeming-on-Downs. And as Bodney went through this little town, probably bright in the sunlight of the early April morning, is it not possible that he stopped at the pump in the square to wet his wrists against the long, hot journey ahead? It is not only possible. It is more than likely. And, stopping at the pump, did he know that in the third house on the left as you leave the pump Londonwards, was Mary Wassermann? Or, did Mary Wassermann know that Bodney was just outside her door? The speculation is futile, for Mary Wassermann moved from Weeming-on-Downs the next week and was never heard from again. But I anticipate.

Of Bodney's stay in London we know but little. We know that he reached London, for he sent a postcard to his mother from there saying that he had arrived "safe and sound." We know that he left London, because he died fifteen years later in Suffix. What happened in between we can only conjecture

at, but we may be sure that he was very sensitive to whatever beauty there may have been in London at that time. In the sonnet *On Looking Into a Stereoscope for the First Time*, written when he had grown into full manhood, we find reference to this visit to the city:

And, with its regicidal note in tune,
Brings succor to the waiting stream.

If this isn't a reference to the London trip, what is it a reference to?

V

PROGRESS AND REGRESS

We have seen Bodney standing on the threshold of the Great Experience. How did he meet it? Very well indeed.

For the first time we find him definitely determined to create. "I am definitely determined to create," he wrote to the Tax Collector of Suffix (Author's Collection). And with the spring of 1860 came, in succession, *To Some Ladies Who Have Been Very Nice To Me*, *Ode to Hester*, *Rumpty: A Fragment*, and *To Arthur Hosstetter MacMonigal*. Later in the same year came *I wonder when, if I should go, there'd be*.

It is in *I wonder when, if I should go, there'd be* that Bodney for the first time strikes the intimate note.

I sometimes think that open fires are best,
Before drab autumn swings its postern shut . . .

"Open fires" is a delightful thought, carrying with it the picture of a large house, situated on a hill with poplars, the sun sinking charmingly behind the town in the distance and, inside, the big hall, hung with banners, red and gold, and a long table laden with rich food, nuts, raisins, salt (plenty of salt, for Bodney was a great hand to put salt on his food and undoubtedly had salt in mind), and over all the presence of the king and his knights, tall, vigorous blond knights swearing allegiance to their lord. Or perhaps in the phrase Bodney had in mind, a small room with nobody in it. Who can tell? At any rate, we have the words "open fires" and we are able to reconstruct what went on in the poet's mind if we have a liking for that sort of thing. And, although he does not say so in so many words, there is little doubt but that in using "fires" in conjunction with the word "open" he meant Lillian Walf and what was to come later.

VI

MIRAGE

From *I wonder when, if I should go, there'd be to On Meeting Roger H. Clafflin for the Second Time* is a far cry—and a merry one. *On Meeting Roger H. Clafflin for the Second Time* is heptasyllabic and, not only that, but trochaic. Here, after years of suffering and disillusion, after discovering false friends and vain loves, we find Bodney resorting to the trochee. His letter to his sister at the time shows the state of mind the young poet was in (Rast Collection):

Somehow today I feel that things are closing in on me. Life is closing in on me. I have a good mind to employ the trochee and see what that will do. I have no fault to find with the spondee. Some of my best work is spondaic. But I guess there just comes a time in everyone's life when the spondee falls away of its own accord and the trochee takes its place. It is Nature's way. Ah, Nature! How I love Nature! I love the birds and the flowers and Beauty of all kinds. I don't see how anyone can hate Beauty, it is so beautiful. . . . Well, there goes the bell, so I must close now and employ a spondee.

Seven days later Bodney met Lillian Walf.

VII

FINIS ORIGINE PENDET

We do not know whether it was at four o'clock or a quarter past four on October 17, 1874, that Henry Ryan said to Bodney: "Bodney, I want that you should meet my friend Miss Walf. . . . Miss Walf, Mr. Bodney." The British War Office has no record of the exact hour and Mr. Ryan was blotto at the time and so does not remember. However, it was in or around four o'clock.

Lillian Walf was three years older than Bodney, but had the mind of a child of eight. This she retained all her life. Commentators have referred to her as feeble minded, but she was not feeble minded. Her mind was vigorous. It was the mind of a vigorous child of eight. The fact that she was actually in her thirties has no bearing on the question that I can see. Writing to Remson three years after her marriage to Bodney, Lillian says:

We have a canary which sings something terrible all day. I think I'll shoot it Tuesday.

If that is the product of a feeble mind, then who of us can lay claim to a sound mentality?

The wedding of Bodney to Lillian Walf took place

quietly except for the banging of the church radiator. The parson, Rev. Dr. Padderson, estimated that the temperature of the room was about 78° at the time, too hot for comfort. However, the young couple were soon on their way to Bayswater where they settled down and lived a most uneventful life from then on. Bodney must have been quite happy in his new existence, for he gave up writing poetry and took to collecting pewter. We have no record of his ever writing anything after his marriage, except a sonnet for the yearbook of the Bayswater School for Girls. This sonnet (*On Looking into William Ewart Gladstone*) beginning:

O Lesbos! When thy fêted songs shall ring . . .

is too well known to quote here in full, but we cannot help calling attention to the reference to Bayswater. For it was in Bayswater that Bodney really belonged and it was there that he died in 1876. His funeral was a Masonic one and lasted three hours and twenty minutes (Author's Collection).

EDITHA'S CHRISTMAS BURGLAR

IT was the night before Christmas, and Editha was all agog. It was all so exciting, so exciting! From her little bed up in the nursery she could hear Mumsey and Daddy down-stairs putting the things on the tree and jamming her stocking full of broken candy and oranges.

"Hush!" Daddy was speaking. "Eva," he was saying to Mumsey, "it seems kind of silly to put this ten-dollar gold-piece that Aunt Issac sent to Editha into her stocking. She is too young to know the value of money. It would just be a bauble to her. How about putting it in with the household money for this month? Editha would then get some of the food that was bought with it and we would be ten dollars in."

Dear old Daddy! Always thinking of someone else! Editha wanted to jump out of bed right then and there and run down and throw her arms about his neck, perhaps shutting off his wind.

"You are right, as usual, Hal," said Mumsey. "Give me the gold-piece and I will put it in with the house funds."

"In a pig's eye I will give you the gold-piece," replied Daddy. "You would nest it away somewhere until after Christmas and then go out and buy yourself a muff with it. I know you, you old grafter." And from the sound which followed, Editha knew that Mumsey was kissing Daddy. Did ever a little girl have two such darling parents? And, hugging her Teddy-bear close to her, Editha rolled over and went to sleep.

.

She awoke suddenly with the feeling that someone was downstairs. It was quite dark and the radiolite traveling-clock which stood by her bedside said eight o'clock, but, as the radiolite traveling-clock hadn't been running since Easter, she knew that that couldn't be the right time. She knew that it must be somewhere between three and four in the morning, however, because the blanket had slipped off her bed, and the blanket always slipped off her bed between three and four in the morning.

And now to take up the question of who it was downstairs. At first she thought it might be Daddy. Often Daddy sat up very late working on a case of Scotch and at such times she would hear him downstairs counting to himself. But whoever was there now was being very quiet. It was only when he jammed against the china-cabinet or juggled the

dinner-gong that she could tell that anyone was there at all. It was evidently a stranger.

Of course, it might be that the old folks had been right all along and that there really was a Santa Claus after all, but Editha dismissed this supposition at once. The old folks had never been right before and what chance was there of their starting in to be right now, at their age? None at all. It couldn't be Santa, the jolly old soul!

It must be a burglar then! Why, to be sure! Burglars always come around on Christmas Eve and little yellow-haired girls always get up and go down in their nighties and convert them. Of course! How silly of Editha not to have thought of it before!

With a bound the child was out on the cold floor, and with another bound she was back in bed again. It was too cold to be fooling around without slippers on. Reaching down by the bedside, she pulled in her little fur foot-pieces which Cousin Mabel had left behind by mistake the last time she visited Editha, and drew them on her tiny feet. Then out she got and started on tip-toe for the stairway.

She did hope that he would be a good-looking burglar and easily converted, because it was pretty gosh-darned cold, even with slippers on, and she wished to save time.

As she reached the head of the stairs, she could look down into the living-room where the shadow of the tree stood out black against the gray light outside. In the doorway leading into the dining room stood a man's figure, silhouetted against the glare of an old-fashioned burglar's lantern which was on the floor. He was rattling silverware. Very quietly, Editha descended the stairs until she stood quite close to him.

"Hello, Mr. Man!" she said.

The burglar looked up quickly and reached for his gun.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" he asked.

"I'se Editha," replied the little girl in the sweetest voice she could summon, which wasn't particularly sweet at that as Editha hadn't a very pretty voice.

"You's Editha, is youse?" replied the burglar. "Well, come on down here. Grandpa wants to speak to you."

"Youse is not my Drandpa," said the tot, getting her baby and tough talk slightly mixed. "Youse is a dreat, bid burglar."

"All right, kiddy," replied the man. "Have it your own way. But come on down. I want ter show yer how yer kin make smoke come outer yer eyes. It's a Christmas game."

"This guy is as good as converted already," thought Editha to herself. "Right away he starts wanting to teach me games. Next he'll be telling me I remind him of his little girl at home."



"Hello, Mr. Man!" she said.

So with a light heart she came the rest of the way downstairs, and stood facing the burly stranger.

"Sit down, Editha," he said, and gave her a hearty push which sent her down heavily on the

floor. "And stay there, or I'll mash you one on that baby nose of yours."



"A Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night!"

This was not in the schedule as Editha had read it in the books, but it doubtless was this particular burglar's way of having a little fun. He *did* have nice eyes, too.

"Dat's naughty to do," she said, scoldingly.

"Yeah?" said the burglar, and sent her spinning against the wall. "I guess you need attention, kid. You can't be trusted." Whereupon he slapped the little girl. Then he took a piece of rope out of his bag and tied her up good and tight, with a nice bright bandana handkerchief around her mouth, and trussed her up on the chandelier.

"Now hang there," he said, "and make believe you're a Christmas present, and if you open yer yap, I'll set fire to yer."

Then, filling his bag with the silverware and Daddy's imitation sherry, Editha's burglar tip-toed out by the door. As he left, he turned and smiled. "A Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night," he whispered, and was gone.

And when Mumsey and Daddy came down in the morning, there was Editha upon the chandelier, sore as a crab. So they took her down and spanked her for getting out of bed without permission.

THE LOST LANGUAGE

AT the meeting of the International Philologists' Association in Lucerne last April (1923-1925), something in the nature of a bombshell was thrown by Professor Eric Nunsen of the University of Utholm. Professor Nunsen, in a paper entitled, "Aryan Languages: The Funny Old Things," declared that in between the Hamitic group of languages and the Ural-Altaic group there should by rights come another and hitherto uncharted group, to be known as the Semi-Huinty group. Professor Nunsen's paper followed a number on the program called "Al Holtz and His Six Musical Skaters."

According to this eminent philologist, too much attention has been paid in the past to root words. By "root words" we mean those words which look like roots of some kind or other when you draw pictures of them. These words recur in similar form in all the languages which comprise a certain group. Thus, in the Aryan group, compare, for example, the English *dish-towel*, Gothic *dersh-terl*, German *tish-döl*, Latin *dec-tola*, French *dis-toil*, Armenian *dash-taller*, Sanskrit *dit-toll* and Dutch *dösh-töller*. In all of these words you will note the same absurdity.

In the same manner it is easy to trace the similarity between languages of the same group by noting, as in the Semitic group, that the fundamental *f* in Arabic becomes *w* in Assyrian, and the capital *G* in Phœnician becomes a small *g* in Abyssinian. This makes it hard for Assyrian traveling salesmen, as they have no place to leave their grips.

In his interesting work, "The Mutations of the Syllable *Bib* Between 2000 and 500 B. C.," Landoc Downs traces the use of the letter *h* down through Western Asia with the Caucasian migration into Central Europe, and there loses it. For perhaps two thousand years we have no record of the letter *h* being used by Nordics. This is perhaps not strange, as the Nordics at that time didn't use much of anything. And then suddenly, in about 1200 B. C., the letter *h* shows up again in Northern Ohio, this time under the alias of *m* and clean-shaven. There is no question, however, but that it is the old Bantu *h* in disguise, and we are thus able to tell that the two peoples (the Swiss and that other one) are really of the same basic stock. Any one could tell that; so don't be silly.

Now, says Professor Nunsen, it is quite probable that this change in root words, effected by the passage of the Aryan-speaking peoples north of the

Danube, Dneiper and Don (the "D" in Danube is silent, making the word pronounced "Anube"), so irritated the Hamitic group (which included ancient Egyptian, Coptic, Berber and Otto H. Kahn) that

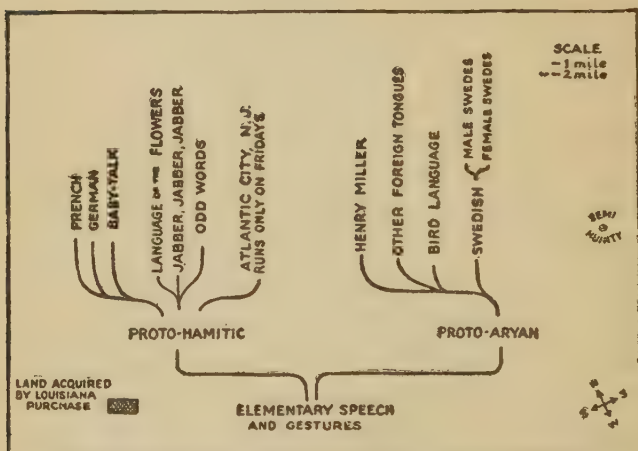


Chart showing relation of lost language (semi-Huinty) to other Language groups and to itself.

they began dropping the final *g* just out of spite. This, in the course of several centuries, resulted in the formation of a quite distinct group, the one which Professor Nunsen calls the "Semi-Huinty." It is not *entirely* Huinty, for there still remain traces of the old Hamitic. Just *semi*-Huinty. Even *semi* is quite a lot.

This, of course, takes no notice of the Ural-Altaic group. That is quite all right. No one ever does. This group includes the Lappish, Samoyed, Magyar and Tartar, and, as Dr. Kneeland Renfrew says in his "Useless Languages: Their Origin and Excuse": "There is no sense in bothering with the Ural-Altaic group."

So Professor Nunsen has some authority for disregarding the question of grammatical gender, and it is on this point that he bases his discovery of the existence of the Semi-Huinty languages. These languages, he says, are monosyllabic and have no inflections, the tone used in uttering a word determining its meaning. In this it is similar to the Chinese tongue, which is one of the reasons why China is so far away from the European continent.

Thus the word *reezyl*, uttered in one tone, means "Here comes the postmen"; in another tone, "There is a button off this pair," and, in still a third tone, "you" (diminutive).

It will be seen from this how difficult it is for the philologist to do anything more than guess at just what the lost languages were really like. He is not sure that they are even lost. If they were *not* really lost, then the joke is on Professor Nunsen for having gone to all this trouble for nothing.

MUSEUM FEET

A Complaint Contracted by Over-zealous Parents

THERE is one big danger in the approach of Autumn, and that is that the snappy weather may excite us into making plans for doing things we ought to have done long ago. Those of us who are parents are likely to decide that we haven't been paying enough attention to the children, that we ought to take them out more to places of interest and instruction. More of a pal than a father, is what we feel we ought to be, and yet withal an instructor, steering them into enlightening byways and taking them on educational trips to fisheries and jute manufacturing, etc.

Now this is just a manifestation of Fall Fever, and will die down, so don't give in to it. Let the children educate themselves. You haven't done such a swell job with yourself that you should undertake to show someone else how to do it. And, above all, never take the kiddies to a natural history museum. Taking them to a natural history museum is one of

the things a parent first feels coming on when the crisp Autumn days send the blood tingling through his veins, and it's one of the last things he should do.

I, myself, in a burst of parental obligation last Fall, decided to take the boys through the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. I would have picked a *bigger* place if there had been one in the country, but the Smithsonian was the biggest I could get. As a result I contracted a bad case of what is known in medical circles as "Smithsonian feet," that is, a complete paralysis of the feet from the ankles down, due to standing on first one foot and then the other in front of exhibition cases and walking miles upon miles up and down the tessellated corridors of the museum. The boys suffered no ill effects from the trip at all.

The sad thing about a trip through a museum with the children is that you start out with so much vigor and zip. On entering the main entrance lobby, you call back Herbert who takes a running slide across the smooth floor, and tell him that he must stay close to Daddy and that Daddy will show him everything and explain everything. And what a sap that makes of Daddy before the day is done!

In your care not to miss anything, you stop and examine carefully the very first tablet in the entrance

lobby, deciding to work to the left and look at everything on the left side of the building, and then take up the right side.

"Look, boys," you say, "it says here that this building was built by the Natural History Society of America in 1876—Oh, well, I guess that isn't very important." And you ask the attendant at the door which is the most satisfactory way to see the museum, a foolish question at best. He tells you to begin with the Glacier Hall over there at the right. This upsets your plans a little, but what difference does it make whether you see the right or left side first?

"Come on, boys," you call to both of them who are now sliding back and forth on the floor. "Here is the room where the glaciers are. Come on and look at the glaciers."

The boys by this time are very hot and sweaty, and probably less interested in glaciers than in anything else in the world. You, yourself, find nothing particularly thrilling about the rocks which are lined up for inspection in the room as you enter. However, it is a pretty important thing, this matter of glacial deposits, and both you and the boys would be better off for knowing a little something about them.

"Look, Herbert," you say. "Look, Arthur! See

here where the glacier went right over this rock and left these big marks."

But Herbert is already in the next hall, which for some mysterious reason is devoted to stuffed rats demonstrating the Malthusian Doctrine—and Arthur has disappeared entirely.

"Where's Arthur, Herbert?" you yell.

"Look, Daddy," replies Herbert from across the hall. "Come here quick! Quick, Daddy!" There evidently is some danger that the stuffed rats are going to get away before you arrive, and you have to run to hush Herbert up, although you had much rather not look at stuffed rats, Malthusian Doctrine or no Malthusian Doctrine.

Arthur has, by this time, appeared several miles down the building in the Early American Indian Room and screams:

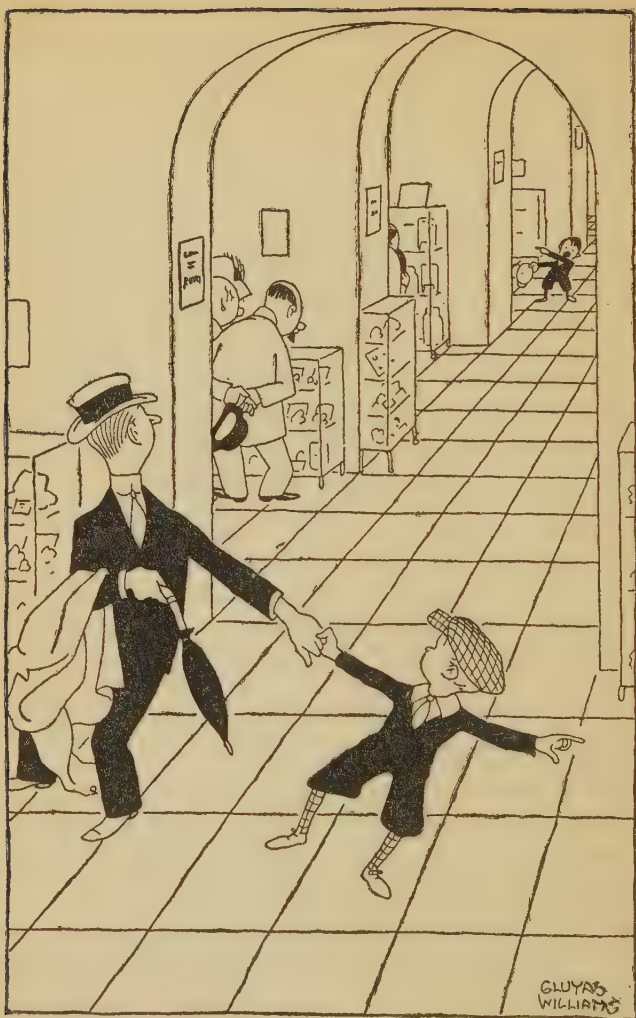
"Come quick, Daddy! Look! Indians!"

So you and Herbert set off on a dog trot to the Early American Indian Room.

"You boys *must not* yell so in here," you warn. "And stop running, Arthur! We've got all day (God forbid!)."

"Where did these Indians live, Daddy?" asks Herbert.

"Oh, around Massachusetts," you explain. "They fought the Pilgrims."



Arthur has by this time appeared several miles down the building.

"It says here they lived in Arizona," reads Arthur. (Whoever taught that boy to read, anyway?)

"Well, Arizona *too*," you crawl. "They lived all over."

"What are these, Daddy?"

"Those? Those are hatchet-heads. They used them for heads to their hatchets."

"It says here they are flint stones that they struck fire on."

"Flint stones, eh? Well, they're funny-looking flint stones. They must have used them for hatchet-heads, too."

"What did they use these for, Daddy?"

"If you can read so well, why don't you read what it says and not ask me so much? Where's Herbert?"

Herbert is now on the point of pushing over a little case of Etruscan bowls in an attempt to get at the figure of a Bæotian horse in the case behind it.

"Here, Herbert, don't push that like that! Do you want to break it?"

"Yes," replies Herbert, giving you a short answer.

"Well, we'll go right straight home if you are going to act that way." (Here a good idea strikes you: Why *not* go right straight home and blame it on Herbert?)

The first evidences of "Smithsonian feet" are be-

ginning to make themselves felt. You try walking on your ankles to favor the soles of your feet, but that doesn't help. And you haven't even struck the second floor yet.

By actual count, the word "look" has been called out eighty-two times, and each time you have looked. Forty-three questions have been asked, forty of which you have answered incorrectly and thirty-four of which you have been caught answering incorrectly. It is high time that you did go home.

But the boys are just beginning. They spot another room at the end of the wing and rush to it. You trail after them, all your old fire gone. It turns out to be Glacier Hall again.

"We've been in here before," you say, hoping that this will discourage them. "There's the door to the street over there. How about going home and coming again tomorrow?"

This suggestion is not even heard, for the boys are on their way up the big flight of stairs leading to the second floor. If you can make half the flight you will be doing well. By the time you reach the first landing, you are in a state of collapse.

"Look, Daddy!" you hear the little voices calling from above. "Come quick, Daddy! Skeletons!"

And skeletons they are, sure enough. Mastodon skeletons. Herbert, turning the corner hurriedly,

comes suddenly on one and is thrown into a panic. Not a bad idea! Perhaps they might both be frightened into wanting to go home. But Nature



You trail after them, all the old fire gone.

herself comes to your rescue. At the end of the mastodon room Herbert comes and whispers to you.

"I don't know," you reply hopefully. "Perhaps we had better go home."

"No," screams Herbert. "I want to stay here."

"Well, come along with me then, and we'll see if we can find it. Come on, Arthur. Come with Herbert and Daddy."

So, on the pretext of locating the section of the building in question you lead the boys down stairs and out the back way.

"Over here, I guess," you say. "No, I guess over there."

By this time, you are at the street and within hailing distance of a taxi. It is but the work of a minute to hit Herbert over the head until he is quiet and to yank Arthur into the cab along with you.

"Drive quickly to 468 Elm avenue," you say to the driver.

That would be your home address.

TRAVELING IN PEACE

The Uncommercial Traveler and His Problems

EVEN in an off year, the conversational voltage is very high on the trans-Atlantic greyhounds (ocean liners). There is something in the sea air which seems to bring a sort of kelp to the surface even in the most reticent of passengers, and before the ship has passed Fire Island you will have heard as much dull talk as you would get at a dozen Kiwanis meetings at home. And the chances are that you, yourself, will have done nothing that you can be particularly proud of as a raconteur. They tell me that there is something that comes up from the bilge which makes people like that on shipboard.

I myself solved the problem of shipboard conversation by traveling alone and pretending to be a deaf-mute. I recommend this ruse to other irritable souls.

There is no sense in trying to effect it if you have the family along. There is no sense in trying to effect *anything* if you have the family along. But there is something about a family man which seems

to attract prospective talkers. Either the Little Woman scrapes up acquaintances who have to have their chairs moved next to yours and tell you all about how rainy it was all spring in East Orange, or the children stop people on the deck and drag them up to you to have you show them how to make four squares out of six matches, and once you have established these contacts, you might as well stay in your stateroom for the rest of the voyage.

Once you are alone, you can then start in on the deaf-mute game. When you go down to dinner, write out your order to the steward and pretty soon the rest of the people at your table will catch on to the fact that something is wrong. You can do a few pleasant passes of sign language if the thing seems to be getting over too slowly. As a matter of fact, once you have taken your seat without remarking on the condition of the ocean to your right-hand neighbor, you will have established yourself as sufficiently queer to be known as "that man at our table who can't talk." Then you probably will be left severely alone.

Once you are out on deck, stand against the rail and look off at the horizon. This is an invitation which few ocean-talkers can resist. Once they see anyone who looks as if he wanted to be alone, they immediately are rarin' to go. One of them will come



What you should do is turn and smile very sweetly.

up to you and look at the horizon with you for a minute, and then will say:

"Isn't that a porpoise off there?"

If you are not very careful you will slip and say: "Where?" This is fatal. What you should do is turn and smile very sweetly and nod your head as if to say: "Don't waste your time, neighbor. I can't hear a word you say." Of course, there is no porpoise and the man never thought there was; so he will immediately drop that subject and ask you if you are deaf. Here is where you may pull another bone. You may answer: "Yes, very." That will get you nowhere, for if he thinks that he can make you hear by shouting, he will shout. It doesn't make any difference to him what he has to do to engage you in conversation. He will do it. He would spell words out to you with alphabet blocks if he thought he could get you to pay any attention to his story of why he left Dallas and what he is going to do when he gets to Paris.

So keep your wits about you and be just the deafest man that ever stepped foot on a ship. Pretty soon he will get discouraged and will pass on to the next person he sees leaning over the rail and ask *him* if that isn't a "porpoise 'way off there." You will hear the poor sucker say, "Where?" and then the dam will break. As they walk off together you

will hear them telling each other how many miles they get to a gallon and checking up on the comparative sizes of the big department stores in their respective towns.

After a tour of the smoking-room and writing-room making deaf-and-dumb signs to the various stewards, you will have pretty well advertised yourself as a hopeless prospect conversationally. You may then do very much as you like.

Perhaps not quite as you like. There may be one or two slight disadvantages to this plan. There may be one or two people on board to whom you *want* to speak. Suppose, for instance, that you are sitting at one of those chummy writing desks where you look right into the eyes of the person using the other half. And suppose that those eyes turn out to be something elegant; suppose they turn out to be very elegant indeed. What price being dumb then?

Your first inclination, of course, is to lean across the top of the desk and say: "I beg your pardon, but is this your pen that I am using?" or even more exciting: "I beg your pardon, but is this your letter that I am writing?" Having been posing as a deaf-mute up until now, this recourse is denied you, and you will have to use some other artifice.

There is always the old Roman method of writing notes. If you decide on this, just scribble out the

following on a bit of ship's stationery: "I may be deaf and I may be dumb, but if you think that makes any difference in the long run, you're crazy." This is sure to attract the lady's attention and give her some indication that you are favorably impressed



Suppose those eyes turn out to be something elegant.

with her. She may write a note back to you. She may even write a note to the management of the steamship line.

Another good way to call yourself to her attention would be to upset the writing desk. In the general laughter and confusion which would follow, you could grab her and carry her up on deck where you could tell her confidentially that you really were not deaf and dumb but that you were just pretending

to be that way in order to avoid talking to people who did not interest you. The fact that you were talking to her, you could point out, was a sure sign that she, alone, among all the people on the ship, *did* interest you; a rather pretty compliment to her, in a way. You could then say that, as it was essential that none of the other passengers should know that you could talk, it would be necessary for her to hold conversations with you clandestinely, up on the boat deck, or better yet, in one of the boats. The excitement of this would be sure to appeal to her, and you would unquestionably become fast friends.

There is one other method by which you could catch her favor as you sat looking at her over the top of the desk, a method which is the right of every man whether he be deaf, dumb or bow-legged. You might wink one eye very slowly at her. It wouldn't be long then before you could tell whether or not it would be worth your while to talk.

However it worked out, you would have had a comparatively peaceful voyage.

THE BIG BRIDEGROOM REVOLT

All Honor to Hershey, the Emancipator

JUNE, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, was the year of the Revolt of the June Bridegrooms. It marked the beginning of the independence of the male member of the nuptial team who, hitherto, had been kept in absolute subjection until after the ceremony was over. In the days before the revolt, the first official act of the groom that had any legal standing at all was the signing of the check for the first month's rent. Up until the time when he was allowed to do this he was kept in chains in the cellar with the caterer's men.

From the old records and letters of prospective bridegrooms to their men friends which have recently come to light we are able to reconstruct the process by which the groom was reduced to a condition of servility equalled only by that of the captives who were led through the streets in ancient Rome.

During the courtship there was evidently some semblance of equality between the young man and

the young woman. He suggested things which were sometimes carried out and, if he protested against certain courses of action, they were occasionally abandoned. This, however, we now know to have been simply expediency on the part of the young lady. She was saving up for a better day.

Once the engagement was announced and the date set for the wedding, the young man suddenly found himself with a gunny-sack over his head, locked in the trunk-room. Occasionally, when they opened the door to hand him in his meals, he heard plans being made by the girl and her mother for the wedding, plans which made him break out into a cold sweat with apprehension. One time in 1923, a young man in St. Louis dashed out of the closet on overhearing the line of march down the aisle as it was being drawn up, and yelled: "Here, there! I've got something to say about this!" But he was unarmed and was easily overcome by the Prætorian Guard and thrown into a dungeon, where he was given fifty lashes with the whip.

From Lackey, in his "Slavery in the United States after 1865," we have an account of what it must have been like to be a bridegroom before the Revolution. "Church weddings," writes Lackey (p. 458), "were the particular form of torture inflicted on the helpless grooms. The larger the church wedding,

the more the young man suffered and, as large church weddings were the delight of the young ladies of the day, the suffering among the men was almost universal and terribly intense."

Another phase of the degradation inflicted on early Twentieth Century bridegrooms was the wedding reception. This took place after the ceremony, usually at the home of the bride. Here the groom, already in a weakened condition after his nightmare in the church, was propped up in a reception line consisting of the bride, her father and mother, an aunt or two, the groom's father and mother (the bars were let down for this occasion and the groom's relatives given passes), and the groom.

Finally, in 1925, a young groom named Arthur Hershey, of Cleveland, Ohio (1903-1958), touched the spark to the revolt which had been smouldering for decades. Hershey had been engaged to be married to a young lady named Wabton. They had been engaged for two years and in that time Hershey had spent some three thousand dollars on gifts, suppers, taxis, etc., all in the nature of upkeep. When finally the date was set for the wedding (June 4, 1925) the young man got tacit notice that now would be a good time for him to build that boat he had always wanted, or to go into some other form of personal retirement, as nothing would be needed of

him until the day of the wedding when they would tell him what to do at the church.

"At the church?" asked the young rebel.

"Yes, it is going to be a big church wedding," explained the girl. "We are going to have Uncle John come on and read the service, little Dorothy and little George are going to be flower-girls, and invitations are going to be sent out to about fifteen hundred. You can come in and help address the envelopes if you want to."

"To answer your statements in the reverse order," said Arthur Hershey, who was a lawyer: "(a) I address no envelopes, (b) if five people attend our wedding they will be lucky, (c) little Dorothy and little George will be fifty miles away at the time of the nuptials, probably drugged, (d) Uncle John reads nothing at my wedding, and (e) it is *not* going to be held in a church. You and I are going to the city clerk's office and take hold of hands and the whole thing is going to be over in five minutes, including the time consumed in sobering me up so that I can stand. Is that clear?"

Miss Wabton and her mother started to laugh, as was the custom of the country at that time, but the fun got no farther, for young Mr. Hershey held up his hand.

"We'll have no silly business, please," he said,



Miss Wabton and her mother started to laugh.

in a voice that rang 'round the world. "Either you meet my terms, or you marry someone else. Take them or leave them. And do it quickly."

At first the bride-to-be attempted the old bluff of flouncing out of the room and saying that very well she *would* marry someone else, but young Hershey had done his work well. For months he had been planning this *coup* and had pledged young men all over Cleveland and throughout the State of Ohio to rally to his standard when the time came. At Miss Wabton's gesture he called up Henry Mills, who was to have been his best man (Henry Mills was born in 1902 and died in 1946), and said:

"Well, Henry, the blow has fallen. Tomorrow will see whether we are a nation of free men or a galley-full of slaves. Have the boys ready to march at three-thirty."

And at three-thirty that afternoon every eligible young man in Cleveland marched simultaneously with parades of eligible young men all over Ohio, bearing standards reading: "NO BIG CHURCH WEDDINGS," "WE FURNISH THE MONEY—WE WANT FAIR PLAY," "NO WEDDINGS WITHOUT REPRESENTATION," "DOWN WITH RECEPTIONS," "WHOM ARE YOU MARRYING, US OR THE CATERER?" "THE FLORISTS MUST GO," etc., etc.

The revolt spread like wildfire all over the coun-

try. Branches of the Bridegrooms' International sprang up in Boston, San Francisco, St. Louis, Detroit, and in every small town. There was a slight attempt at struggle on the part of June brides who had their trousseaux all made with big church weddings in view, but it didn't amount to anything. The young men had the upper hand and they knew it. For years the tradition had been built up by the women folk of the country that it was the men who were anxious to get married and that the girls were doing them a favor. Hershey enunciated the principle that it was fifty-fifty to a man whether he got married or not, and that if the women didn't want to be married they didn't have to. Out of three million prospective brides, two million, nine hundred and eight thousand gave in. The battle was won and the young men of the country held their heads up again. That is why June fourth is now known as Hershey Day.

HOW ONE WOMAN KEPT THE BUDGET FROM THE DOOR

THERE are several ways in which to apportion the family income, all of them unsatisfactory. In our home we have hit upon the most unsatisfactory of all—the budget. If any worse system is known, I hope that my readers will write in and tell about it. Send communications to the Editor of the Worse-than-Budget Department.

Here is the way we work it. Fred (Fred is *not* my husband, and a perfect darling he is, too) brings home his pay on Thursday night. "Where is the other seventy-five dollars, Fred dear?" I say. "What other seventy-five dollars?" Fred asks. "Don't try to pull any of that 'what other seventy-five dollars' stuff on me," I reply, stroking his forehead. Fred loves to have his forehead stroked, and before I know it he has dropped off to sleep, murmuring, "I must have been robbed." That cleans up the pay situation.

With what is left, we make up our budget. If there isn't enough left for a good budget, we piece it out with string and an old skate-strap.

Here is how we do it. We first figure out what we are going to need during the week: meat, fish, food for the fish, eggs, recreation, and whips. We write these items on little slips of paper and put them all in a big hat. Then I pull the hat down over Fred's ears and we both laugh.

Sometimes, in making out the budget, we get to fooling like that and it is awfully hard to be serious, especially as once in a while Fred makes my nose bleed. A good way to get around this difficulty is to divorce your husband. "But," you may say, "I have no clothes to get a divorce in." If other women had said that, where would the institution of divorce be today? I don't know, I'm sure.

We had a lot of trouble at first in making out the budget because we didn't have any pencils—sharp pencils, at any rate. Then Fred remembered that there was an old linotype machine up in the attic that had been sent us as a wedding-present; so we dragged that down and had it redecorated and in no time were turning out budgets at a great rate.

Here is a typical budget, copied just before we tore it up:

HOW ONE WOMAN KEPT BUDGET 233

WEEK OF 1924

1 roast of some sort.....	\$	1.10		
Fixin's		2.50		
Opium		3.75		
Extra vests		4.00		
Fred's bail		50.00		
Heigh-ho!		7.50		
	W.	L.	PC.	
New York	64	36	.640	
Pittsburgh	55	42	.567	
Chicago	56	44	.560	
				\$44.50

This particular budget worked out very well, because Fred was sent to jail that week; so there was no bail to pay for him and only one mouth to feed. We probably wouldn't have another bit of luck like that again in a year.

As an alternative plan for adjusting your expenses to fit your income, the following is fairly practicable:

Buy a second-hand automobile. Never mind repainting it. Just start it going as it is. You and your husband jump in and drive very carefully to the end of the dock at 72nd St. and the Hudson River. Then keep on going.

GAY LIFE BACK-STAGE

AT the very mention of the word "back-stage," especially back-stage at a musical show, your Wise Boy murmurs "slicky-slicky" and begins shuffling his feet. There is a fairly prevalent notion that if you have been behind the scenes where the chorus girls are, you ought to go to confession right away, but that it is worth it.

In my long career on the stage (five months now) I have found that the only danger back-stage is that of having something drop on you. I went into the thing rather hoping that I was going to be tempted. Not only have I not been tempted; I have been stepped on, and anyone hanging around with other things on his mind than getting out of the way as soon as possible will get stepped on too.

Right at the stage door, you get your first big setback. The doorman has been chosen for the job because, when he was quite young, he had his heart taken out. He is also quite likely to be hard of hearing. It is only after you have been working with a show for two weeks that he will let you in at

all. Until then, you have to bring your mother or your pastor along.

Furthermore, the space between the stage door and the next portal is just large enough for a medium-sized rabbit to turn around in, and while you are standing there, fourteen people have to get past you on their way downstairs under the stage. Some of these are beautiful young ladies dressed as mackerel or bunches of figs, but there is a certain businesslike manner in the way in which they brush past you that makes you sure you are not being tempted; not right at that minute, anyway.

The next division of floor space that you step into is a little larger. A father-rabbit would have it pretty comfortable here, provided he didn't try to do any tricks. A flight of stairs leads from here up to the dressing rooms and these stairs are crowded at all hours of the day and night with people in a great hurry to get dressed or undressed. If you want to go up, the best way is to cling to the outside of the banisters. You will find that everyone is very pleasant, so long as you let them get to where they are going. Otherwise, you are out of luck. If any organization of tired businessmen worked as hard or as fast on their jobs as the chorus girls in a big musical show, they would die of apoplexy.

Let us turn from the stairway leading to the dress-

ing rooms and go into the region which is directly behind the scenes. First we step through a doorway, where we are hit on the head by a large boat which is being hauled up into the roof. Everything except the actors is hauled up into the roof when not in use. So when you walk across any space between the back walls of the theatre, you stand a good chance of having the top of your head crashed in with almost anything from a table to a jolly old replica of the Sphinx.

The only thing that saves you from this is the fact that you aren't in one place long enough to have anything drop clean on you. From one direction comes a couch being pushed by four union men; from another, a gondola being dragged by four more union men; while the floor beneath you starts to heave as a trap opens to let eight union men shoot up some orange trees in full bloom. Anything that is going to hit you on the head has got to move fast to keep up with you.

And now for the gay life back-stage and the girls! How about a little revelry! Here comes a bevy of them now, dressed as several of the warmer months of the year. They look promising, and seem to be laughing at something. What do you suppose it is? Well, it turns out to be you. You discover this after they have walked over you on their way

to their entrance. Heigh-ho! A good laugh never hurt anyone.

And who is this pretty little miss sitting all alone on the top of a bookcase? A peek over her shoulder discloses the fact that she is reading "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States," waiting for the signal which is to start her up on a plunger as the Andiron Girl in the big Home-Building number. It would be best to tip-toe away before you get "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States" thrown at your head, my little man.

With the prevalence of trick numbers in our musical revues, in which young ladies and vegetables and small buildings are shot up through the stage on plungers, there is the increasing danger to the visitor or casual actor of stepping on a trap and either dropping down into the cellar or being elevated up into the middle of a scene.

A young man once came for the laundry to the "Music Box" while the performance was in progress and, in order not to disturb the show, he went down and under the stage to get to the dressing-rooms on the other side of the theatre. While under the stage, he tried to engage in familiar conversation with one of the girls and was encouraged to a point where he became engrossed in his task and not a

little pleased with his prowess as a man-about-town. Suddenly someone shouted, "Right!" and there was a grinding of machinery, and the young man, dressed in a natty sack suit and derby, was projected with his lady friend up through the stage floor and into the big Fish number. She was supposed to be a goldfish. The audience couldn't quite figure out what his rôle was, but they sized him up as a pickerel in a derby hat and gave him a big hand. The success of his first appearance went to his head and he decided that the stage was the career for him, and that, my friends, is how James K. Hackett got his start.

The people back-stage who really have the gay time are the stage-hands. All being good union men, there are ten of each on hand for every job calling for one, and so they have plenty of time for gaiety, and a dandy crowd of congenial boys to make merry with.

Consider the life of the carefree members of the stage crew of a big show. Arrive at the theatre at 7:45 and have a good smoke, just to start the evening off right. Then, if you happen to be third assistant curtain man, you walk with the first and second assistant curtain men across the stage at 8:15 and shake the corner of a big portière three times. After the overture you pull your end of it halfway

across the stage and then go out and take another smoke. Then you go down beneath the stage and help a young lady stand on a plunger and ask her a couple of snappy questions about her health. You may, if you know her well enough, or even if you don't, pull a couple of wise cracks about life in general.

Then for another good smoke and a cozy half hour around the circle with fifteen or twenty others of the boys who haven't anything in particular to be doing at that moment. And many a good story will come out then in the course of conversation. Perhaps a smoke will top off the evening, after you have given the curtain another good tug at the conclusion of the performance.

So when you hear about the carefree, bohemian life of theatrical people behind the scenes, dismiss the picture of romping chorus girls and visiting Johnnies in full-dress suits from your imagination, and drink a toast to the man in overalls with the gay smile, for he is the Pet of the Theatre at a handsome consideration per hour, and a handsome consideration-and-a-half for overtime.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' DAY

A Child's-eye View of the Whole Thing

STEPHEN is two and a half, and has certain very definite reasons for wanting to complete the process of slipping an old iron washer over the stem of a broken Ingersoll. He has been working on it in his crib since five o'clock in the morning, and here it is barely six-thirty when the Head of the House comes in, dressed very unbecomingly in bath robe and slippers, and says, with forced gaiety:

"Well now, sir, how about going downstairs and seeing what Santa has brought?"

There has been a lot of talk about this "Santa" for several weeks past, none of it particularly interesting. It seems that he comes down the chimney or something, obviously a falsehood. And even if he does, what of it?

However, the Head of the House and his Wife appear to derive a great deal of innocent merriment out of talking about the event; so it is best to humor them and simulate an interest.

This is a bit too thick, though, to be dragged away

from important work with the iron washer and taken downstairs on a purely speculative hunt after what this "Santa" may or may not have brought. It has been emphasized in the preliminary conversations on the subject that this "jolly old soul" reserves considerable leeway to himself in the question of whether or not certain boys are to receive any presents at all, the whole thing being contingent on whether or not they have been what is technically known as "good boys" during the two weeks previous. A glance back at Stephen's behavior during the past two weeks convinces him that his chances are hardly worth while getting out of bed to go downstairs for.

There is no other way, however, as he is picked up bodily (a cowardly thing for a great big bully like the Head of the House to do, simply because he has the size) and carried downstairs to where a large, brilliantly lighted tree is standing by the fire-place. A tree in the house is ridiculous in the first place, but there is unquestionably something nice about those lights. Do you suppose that by squeezing one of them the color could be made to ooze out into the hand, and from there be transferred to the face, like marmalade or paints? Well, there is no way to find out like trying, so here goes.

"No, no, Stephen! Mustn't touch lights!" (Why

will these people insist on leaving out definite articles when talking to anyone ten years younger than



He is picked up bodily and carried downstairs.

they are? Do they think it makes it any easier to understand them? They just make fools of themselves, that's all.) "Here, see this dreat big booful

doggie that Santa brought Stephen!" (Sickening, isn't it?)

The "dreat big booful doggie" turns out to be a flat failure. It is too big, to begin with. Then, too, there is nothing about it with a hole in it, like that washer (by the way, where *is* that washer?) which can be slipped over the stem of the Ingersoll. In this world, everything stands or falls by its ability to be slipped over the stem of the Ingersoll.

Then the Head of the House drags out a sort of mechanical banjo-player which you wind up and watch jump. The Head of the House thinks it is great. He winds it up and then says, "Look at that, will you, Doris!" Stephen tries to have a go at it, but it appears that it must be wound up by some older person. And if you can't wind a thing up yourself, what is the sense in fooling with it at all?

"Well, I guess Santa Claus was pretty good to you," says a neighbor who has come in to see Stephen with his toys. "I just love to watch their faces when they see all the new things," she says. Anyone watching Stephen's face, however, would detect nothing more inspiriting than a slight expression of disgust at the Head of the House making such a show of himself over the mechanical banjo-player.

This goes on for some time, a line of grown-ups

stepping up and waving some new inanity in Stephen's face and saying, "Oh, look, 'Teven!" (Another one calling him " 'Teven" is going to get a good swift bust in the face) and then retiring to play with it themselves.

There are two things left in the world that Stephen wants to do. One is to try pinching those lights. And the other is to finish slipping the old iron washer over the stem of the Ingersoll. The lights are out of the question now, but not the washer. All you have to do is crawl very quietly up the stairs and down the hall (the mechanical toys are making so much noise that no one will notice you) and there, on the floor, is the best little toy that God ever made. That, man, is a *toy!*

And now to get down to work with it. After all, Christmas was meant for the grown-ups. The rest of us have things to do.

ARTICLE ON FISHING

ALONG about the time when the first crocuses are getting frozen for having popped out too soon (and, by the way, you might think that after thousands of years of coming up too soon and getting frozen, the crocus family would have had a little sense knocked into it) the old lure of the rubber-boot begins to stir, and Fred and I begin to say, "remember that time—?" From then on the *decensus* is *facilis*, unless you know what I mean.

Out come the rods from the attic, and several evenings are spent in fingering over the cards bearing the remnants of last season's Silver Doctors, Jolly Rogers, Golden Bantams, or whatever they are called. Inveterate fisherman that I am, I have never been able to take seriously the technical names for flies. It is much simpler to refer to them as "this one" and "that one" and is less embarrassing if you happen to be self-conscious. The man who made up the names for flies must have been thwarted in a lifelong desire to have children, and at last found that outlet for his suppressed baby-talk.

"Well, I'll tell you," says Fred, "I could get off

for about ten days and perhaps we could run up to Rippling Creek."



We all have to go with Eddie while he tries on a new pair.

"If you can get off as easy as that for ten days to run up to any place," says Mrs. Fred, "you can run up to the attic and put up that partition around

the trunk-room. The boards have been lying up there ready since last October."

"Who said I could get off for ten days?" replies Fred, hotly. "I said I might be able to get off for a day or two. I don't know. I doubt very much if I could make it."

So Fred doesn't go on the trip.

But there are three or four of us who do, and we start to leave about four weeks before the train is ready. George has to buy some new flannel shirts. These are tricky things to buy, and you have to get them far enough ahead so that if they don't fit right around the neck you can change them. It is important that they fit right round the neck, because you'd hate to have Jo Rapusi, the Pollack who takes care of the shack, see you with a badly-fitting shirt. George buys half a dozen shirts and wears one the whole time he is away.

Eddie needs rubber-boots. His old ones have no feet to them and can be used only as leggings. So we all have to go with Eddie while he tries on a new pair. We sit around in the bootery and watch him galumph up and down a strip of carpet, giving him advice on the various styles which the clerk brings out.

"How are these?" asks Eddie, a little proudly, stepping off in a pair into which he has not quite got

his right foot, with the result that he is thrown heavily to one side as it buckles under his weight.

"They're fine, Eddie," we say, "only watch out for that right one. It's got a nasty canter."

"The fish will hear you coming in those, Eddie," is another hot one. "You ought to wear them on your hands."

This sort of thing takes quite a time, because it has to be done well if you are doing it at all. There is just enough time left to go and see about the liquid bait which Mac is getting from the door-man at the club in three portable cases, and to sample it, and then it is almost midnight, and we are due to leave on the trip in four days.

These days are spent in making enemies among our friends by talking about what we are going to do.

"Well, you poor sons-of-guns can think of us a week from today, wading down the stream after a nice big baby with round blue eyes," we say. "And when we get him all nice and slit up and fried in butter, we'll stop and think of you before we eat him and maybe drink a silent toast to the goofs at home."

"'At's fine!" say our friends. And then they start a petition around among the other members of the club to have us locked up in the steam-room until August.

The day for the Big Departure comes around and

Eddie finds that, at the last minute, he can't make the grade. He uses his new rubber boots to plant bay-trees in, one at each corner of his driveway. The rest of us get started, loaded down with rods and baskets, blankets and flasks, and seven knives to cut fish with (on reaching the camp next day, it is found that no one in the party has a knife).

There is a great deal of singing on the way up. The line-up consists of five tenors and one voice to carry the air. This gives a rich, fruity effect which necessitates each song's being sung through twenty-five times, exclusive of the number of times we sing it after we have returned to town, to remind one another of what a good time we had singing it on the trip.

There is also considerable talk about what we are going to do with the extra fish. Roberts is going to send his home to his brother's family. They love fish. It turns out, oddly enough, that Mac's father (who lives in Wisconsin) also loves fish, and Mac is going to send his surplus to him. He has always sent his father fish, every Spring, and it seems to be the only thing that has kept the old man alive. Mac says that he has never known such a grand old man as his father, eighty-nine and reads the papers every Sunday, especially the funnies. If anyone takes the funnies out of the paper before his father gets them,

he raises a terrible row. At this, Mac starts to cry slightly, just at the thought of his poor old father's having to go without his funnies, even for one Sunday.

Skinner, to whom Mac is confiding, also starts to cry a little, but he never lets on that it is at the thought of his own father, thirty years dead, that he is crying. Skinner is too much of a man for that. He lets Mac think that he is affected by the tragedy of Old Mr. Mac. This brings the two men together to a touching degree and they decide not to go on with the fishing trip at all, but to stop at the next town they go through and start in business together for themselves, and when they have made enough money they will have Mac's father come and live with them. The conversation ends in a disgusting fight between Mac and Skinner over the kind of business they are going in to.

Once in a while someone catches a fish. I, personally, never have, but that is because once I get out in the open air I get so sleepy that I don't move off my cot, except to eat, from one day to the next.

HOW MUCH DOES THE SUN JUMP?

An Account of the Stroboscope, the New Tell-Tale

THE wonders of our solar universe, and of the thousands and thousands of other universes which we now know dot the heavens, were never more clearly demonstrated than they have been by the recently devised "stroboscope," an invention of Dr. Charles Van Heak, by means of which we are able to measure sun-jumps.

It was not known until recently that the sun jumped at all. It has been known for a long time that the sun is 92,830,000 miles from the earth (except on Leap Year). So much has been an open secret. It has also been recognized in a general way that the moon is swinging at a terrific rate around the sun and that the earth (our Earth) goes back and forth between the sun and the moon once every twenty-four hours, drawing nearest to the sun at noon and then turning back to the moon. This makes our "night" and "day," or, as some say, "right" and "left." Men have also known a long time that if you took a train going a hundred miles

an hour you would stand a fat chance of ever reaching the sun.

Our own little colony of stars (we call it "our own," although we just rent it), the Solar System, is composed of millions and millions of things, each one 396,505,000,000,000 miles away from the others. If you will take your little sister out-of-doors some clear winter's night to look at the stars, and will stand on the top of a high hill from which you can get a good view of the heavens, you will probably both catch very bad colds.

Now it was not known until 1899, when Professor George M. MacRerly began his experiments with gin and absinthe, that the sun was hot at all. One morning, after having been up all night in the laboratory, Prof. MacRerly reached up and touched the sun and was severely burned. He bears the scar to this day. Following this discovery, scientists immediately set about to measure the sun's heat and to see what could be done to stop it. It was during the progress of these experiments that it was found out that the sun jumped.

How, you may say, can we tell that a body 92,000,000 miles away jumps? And, if it does, what the hell difference does it make, anyway? Ninety-two million miles is ninety-two million miles, and we have got enough things within a radius of five miles

to worry about without watching the sun jump. This is what people said when Dr. Van Heak began his researches on the subject. A lot of them still say it.

But Dr. Van Heak was not discouraged. He got out an old oblong box, and somewhere found a cover for it. Into this box he put his lunch. Then he went up to his observatory on the roof and sat. When he came down he had worked out a device for measuring sun-jumps, the "stroboscope."

The principle of the "stroboscope" is that of the steam-engine, except that it has no whistle. It is based on the fact that around the sun there is a brilliantly luminous envelope of vaporous matter known as the "chromosphere." We are practically certain that this "chromosphere" exists. If it doesn't, Dr. Van Heak is out of luck, that's all.

Now, knowing that this gas gives off waves of varying lengths, according to the size of the atmosphere, and that these wave lengths can be analyzed by the spectroscope (a wonderful instrument which breaks up wave lengths and plays, "See You in My Dreams" at the same time), Dr. Van Heak has constructed an instrument which will catch these rays as they come from the "chromosphere," spank them soundly, and send them right back again where they belong. Thus, when the sun jumps, if it ever does,

the movement, however slight, will be registered on the "stroboscope" by the ringing of a tiny bell, as any deflection of these rays at all will strike the sensitized plate at the top of the instrument and will break it. As it breaks, the bell rings. Thus the observer will know that the sun has jumped.

The next step is to find out some use to which the "stroboscope" can be put.

THE FUTURE OF THE CLASS OF 1926— NORTH CENTRAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Class Prophecy by William N. Crandle, '26

THE other night I had a dream in which I saw all that was going to happen to the Class of 1926 of the North Central Grammar School in the future, and when, much to my surprise, I was elected to be Class Prophet, it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to write down the things I saw in that dream and tell you something of what is going to happen in 1950 to the members of the Class of 1926.

In this dream I happened to be walking down the street when suddenly I saw a familiar face standing on a soap-box at the corner, and in a minute I recognized Harry Washburn, our Class President, who was evidently making some sort of a speech to the assembled multitude, among whom I recognized Edna Gleen, Harriet Mastom and Lillian MacArdle. "Well," I said to myself, "I always knew that those girls were crazy about Harry, and I guess they still are." Harry was making some sort of a speech and I gathered that he was running for President of the United States, which didn't surprise me at all as

Harry always was a politician in grammar school days.

A little further along I heard someone making a speech on another corner, and I looked a little closer and saw that it was Beatrice Franley, who was making a speech against the use of face-powder by girls. It seemed that Prohibition had been done away with but that Beatrice was trying to get an amendment to the Constitution preventing girls from using face-powder. "Well," I said to myself, "back in North Central, Beatrice was always rabid on the subject of girls using face-powder and she doesn't seem to have lost it even in 1950." Listening to Beatrice were George Delmot, Bertram Posner and Mary Alley.

A little further along I came to a big sign which said: "William Nevin and Gertrude Dolby, Ice-Cream Parlor," and I remembered that when they were in school William and Gertrude were always eating ice-cream at recess together, so I wasn't much surprised to find that they had gone into the ice-cream business, and it occurred to me that they probably ate more ice-cream than they sold.

Pretty soon I came to a big crowd which was watching a couple of prizefighters fighting, and imagine my surprise to find out that the prizefighters were Louis Wrentham and George DuGrasse, who

had evidently gone in for prizefighting. The referee was Mr. Ranser, our old algebra teacher, and I guessed that he would give the decision to George, as George always was a favorite of his and probably still was.

In a little while I found myself in England, and there I was told that Walter Dodd had been made King of England because he always dressed like a dude in school, and that he had married Miriam Friedburg and had made her Queen of England. The Prince of Wales had fallen off his horse so often that the English people had elected Philip Wasserman to be Prince because he was so good at using ponies in high-school Latin.

In France I found that George Disch, Harry Petro, John Walters, Robert Dimmock, Edwin LeFavre and Eddie Matsdorf were working in a café together and that Mary Duggan, Louise Creamer, Margaret Penny and Freda Bertel were constant customers. In Germany, Albert Vogle had been chosen Kaiser because he was so bossy.

On the boat coming back I saw William Debney, Stella Blum, Arthur Crandall, Noble MacOnson and Henry Bostwick, all looking older than they did in North Central, but evidently prosperous, and just as I landed in America I woke up and realized that it had all been nothing but a dream.

IN THE BEGINNING

Thoughts on Starting up the Furnace

ALONG about now is the time when there falls upon the ears of the Old Man one of the most ominous of all household phrases: "Well, Sam, I guess we'll have to get the furnace-fire started to-day."

No matter what Daddy is doing at the moment, no matter how light-hearted he may be, gathering autumn leaves or romping on the terrace, at the sound of these words a shadow passes across his handsome face and into his eyes there comes that far-away look of a man who is about to go down into the Valley. He drops his golf-clubs or balloon or whatever it is he is playing with when the news comes, and protests softly: "The paper says warmer tomorrow."

But in his heart he knows that it is no use. The family has been talking it over behind his back and has decided that it is time to have the furnace started, and he might as well tell the back wall of the Michigan Central Terminal that the paper

says it will be warmer tomorrow and expect it to soften up. So there is nothing for him to do but get ready to build the fire.

Building the furnace-fire for the first time of the season is a ritual which demands considerable prayer and fasting in preparation. I would suggest that the thing be considered far enough in advance to get it done right, and to this end have outlined a course of preliminary training.

For a man who is about to build a furnace-fire, good physical condition and mental poise are absolutely essential. I knew a man once who had been up late every night during the week preceding his ordeal in the cellar and as a result was tired and nervous when the day came. Furthermore, he had neglected his diet in the matter of proteids, so that his system was in rather poor shape. When confronted with the strain of getting the kindling going and putting the coal on, he simply went all to pieces and when they found him he was kicking and screaming in the bins, trying to burrow his way through the pile of pea-coal in the corner of the cellar. They caught him just in time, otherwise he might have succeeded and would probably never have been found.

After several weeks of rigorous training he will be in fair shape to face what he has to face. If it

is possible, he should stay in his retreat until it is time to build the fire, coming home on the day of the event. If this cannot be arranged, he should be most careful not to lose the good effect of his rest, and should refuse all invitations for the week previous. Above all, he should take no alcohol into his system. (An alternative to this prescription would be to take all the alcohol that he can get just before going down cellar, so that he is in a state of extreme intoxication during the procedure, thereby deadening the unpleasant features of what he has to do and lending a certain gaiety and enthusiasm to the affair which could not possibly be stimulated otherwise. The danger of this method is, of course, that he might become so interested and excited in what he was doing that he would set the house on fire, too.)

At last the day comes. Kissing his family all around and leaving his papers and insurance documents where they can easily be found in case of the worst, he descends into the cellar. It is better to have no one accompany him to witness his shame, or to hear what he has to say. At times like these, a man should be alone with his own soul.

There will be no kindling ready. This is a certainty. This means that he will have to break up some boxes. It will be found that these boxes, while



At times like these a man should be alone with his own soul.

seemingly constructed of wood like other boxes, are in reality made of a sort of marble composition which was originally put together to resist the blows of an axe. (In case there is no axe in the cellar, which is more than likely, the shaker to the furnace will do nicely. Place the box or board against the wall and strike it heavily with the iron shaker, saying, "Oh, you *would*, would you?" at each blow. Your chances are at least even that it will not bounce under the blow and fly up and strike you in some vital spot. If it doesn't do this, it may split.)

After breaking up a sufficient number of sticks, you will take them over to the furnace. The furnace has been standing there all this time, laughing.

A quantity of newspaper is necessary, and while crumpling it up preparatory to filling the bottom of the fire-box with it, you will probably discover several old funny sections which you have never seen before and will have to sit down and read over. This will rest you after the chopping and will take your mind off the furnace. If your wife inquires from the top of the cellar stairs how the fire is coming on, you can reply that you are waiting for it to catch.

The papers once placed in the fire-box, the time has come to pile the sticks in on top of it. Now is also the time to discover that the sticks are too long

and won't fit. Back to the axe or the furnace-shaker and a little more fun, smashing and talking to yourself. And now for the big moment!

Placing the wood on the paper, you apply the match. The first match. Follow thirty other matches. Then discover that the draughts aren't open. A good joke on you, at which you laugh heartily.

And now a merry blaze! Up goes the paper in a burst of flame and you feel that the job is about done. After all, not such a hard task, once the wood is split. You shut the door, in order to give the wood a better chance to catch, and hear the cheery roar as the flames rush up the flue. Gradually the roar dies down and you strain your ears to catch the sound of crackling wood. Now the roar is gone, but there is no crackle. Carefully you open the door, afraid to learn the worst, and there, in a nice, black fire-box, is your wood, safe and sound, with one or two pink wisps of paper blowing coyly underneath. The rest is silence.

Pick the wood out carefully, piece by piece, and start again. Oh, the joy of starting again! Think of what it means, this glorious privilege which Nature gives us of making a fresh start after each one of our little failures! In with more paper! In with more wood! Now the match! And again the roar!

Is it not splendid, Little Father? This time certain sections of the wood catch and flicker sadly.

The wood started, we now come to the real test of the fire-builder. Sneak quietly to the bin and get a shovelful of coal. Stand with it by the door of the fire-box, behind which the wood is blazing. Quick! Open door! Quicker! In with the coal! Back for another shovelful! In with it! That's right! It may look for a minute as if you were smothering the bright blaze with the black coal, but don't waver. Another shovelful to cover the last tongue of flame from the burning wood. Hurrah! Hurrah! The fire is out!

The next thing to do is go upstairs and telephone for Jimmie, the Italian who makes a business of starting furnace-fires and keeping them going throughout the winter. This requires no more practice than knowing how to use the telephone. And it is the only sure way of getting your furnace going.

JUSTICE FOR MUSSELS!

IT is with gratification that we note the action of the Indiana Legislature in passing a bill affording the same protection to mussels growing in the river's bed as that granted to fish in the same waters. This marks the culmination of years of violent agitation on the part of our society, known among mussel-fanciers as the League for the Protection of Native Mussels on the Same Basis as Fish.

The league was founded in October, 1903, by the Reverend Theodore Knees of Basle, Switzerland. Dr. Knees, being a full-blooded Swiss, naturally never saw a mussel until he came to this country in 1903 on a pleasure trip with a friend of his wife's. That was in August. One day while in wading (Dr. Knees was only sixty-one and very spry for his age) the famous naturalist stepped on what turned out to be a young mother mussel who was hiding from the dogs on top of a submerged rock. "What is this?" the doctor said, among other things.

"What is what?" said his guide, for the doctor was still under water.

"What is this mussel?" answered Dr. Knees. "Is it a mussel?"

"A mussel," explained his friend. "It is a kind of crustacean. Lift it off the rock and you will see that it is practically expressionless. This is Nature's way of protecting the mussel against its enemies, for, you see, they can never tell what the mussel is thinking."

The Swiss naturalist turned to his companion at these words, and uttered the phrase which has since been adopted as the slogan of the league: "God willing, I shall live to see the day when these helpless mussels will be protected from hunters and their dogs and, *Deo volente*, I may be able to lend my small assistance to the furtherance of the cause which, *D. v.*, will bear its fruits in my life-time."

And sure enough, from that day forward Dr. Knees put every ounce of energy that he had into the work of mussel protection. He waded up and down the whole length of the river compiling statistics which showed, among other things, that:

1. Eight hundred thousand mussels die every year from fright.

2. After a mussel leaves its mother and before it is old enough to shift for itself in the hurly-burly of crustacean existence, it is absolutely without resources and open to attack from every quarter.

This period of helplessness lasts until its first horns appear, and as, in 9.8 cases out of 10, mussels never have any horns, this means that the mussel is helpless most of its life. In fact, *all* of its life.

3. The effect of this continual state of fear in which the mussel lives is made manifest chiefly in the children, who often turn out to be weak and irritable and difficult to do anything with until they are out of their teens. Many mussel children born of unprotected parents snap viciously when approached by a stranger, and Dr. Knees himself suffered several nasty wounds from this source while carrying on what was, if the mussels had only known it, a work of mercy.

These facts, gathered together in a nicely bound pamphlet with Dr. Knees' portrait as a frontispiece, were presented to the State Legislature with a petition urging adequate laws to allow for the free development of our native mussels. The result has just been announced, and all lovers of God's creatures will rejoice with us, we are sure.

DRAMA CLEANSING AND PRESSING

SOMETHING has got to be done about the sex-play market in New York. It is all shot to pieces, owing to the fact that a manufacturer can't tell whether he has turned out an obscene play or a work of art. He doesn't know in advance whether his show is going to be found guilty of corrupting public morals or put on President Eliot's list of the Fourteen Most Ennobling Plays on the Atlantic Seaboard. Each opening night there is an equal chance that the next week will find him having an audience with either a judge or the Pope.

This uncertainty has made the managers rather jumpy, as well it might, and if we don't look out they will give up producing sex plays entirely, and then where would we be?

A pretty good way to judge in advance about the intrinsic art of a sex play is to see whether the characters have a good time at it or not. If they get fun out of the thing, then it's a harmful play. If they hate it, it's a work of art. So long as someone dies in the last act, making the show a tragedy, the sky's the limit in the dialogue up to that point. You

can have your heroine as indiscreet as you like, so long as you make her protest, with a dour expression, that, so help her Pete, she never had a worse time in her life.

For example, here are two plays, with exactly the same idea back of each, one of which would be suppressed, the other of which would be endorsed by clergymen and Benny Leonard. See if you can tell which is the sincere work of art and which the disgrace to the American stage:

A Farce in One Act
entitled
"WRONG NUMBER, PLEASE"

Scene: *The boudoir of Mertisse LaFrage in her home on Long Island, furnished in pink and Quel-que Fleurs.*

Mertisse is discovered in a single-handed tussle with Elizabeth Arden. She has just cleaned up the Epidermis Cream and is about to begin on the Tissue-Building Lotion, when Ronald enters.

RONALD: Hello, Mertisse, old girl! Where's your husband?

MERTISE: Oh, Freddie is out whippet-racing.

RONALD: That's fine. Perhaps that will give me a chance to tell you how much I love you.

MERTISSE: It will give you a chance all right, but what guarantee have I that you will take it?

RONALD: I'll take that, and a pound of your best coffee, and you can send them, please. I'll take this along with me. (*Kisses her.*)

(*Freddie enters.*)

FREDDIE: What, what?

RONALD: Did you want to see someone?

FREDDIE: No, I just happened to be passing by and thought I'd drop in and see how far along the plasterers were. They promised to have the job done by Thursday.

RONALD: Well, this is only Friday. Drop in again tomorrow and I'll see if I can place you.

MERTISSE: Oh, and Freddie, on your way out tell Harvey to serve the creamed fish in ramekins tonight.

FREDDIE: Right-o! Well, toodle-oo! Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

RONALD: See you at third base, old bean. So long!

(*Exit Freddie.*)

RONALD: Let's see, where was I?

Curtain

"SUNK"

A Drama in One Act

Scene: *A bedroom in a cold New England farmhouse. The only light comes from the ice in the wash-pitcher.*

Hilda is discovered pulling her hair down over her eyes and moaning softly to herself.

(Eben enters.)

EBEN: Cold, ain't it?

HILDA: Cold.

EBEN: Whar's Ezra?

HILDA: Out in the barn, torturing the horses.

EBEN: That's good. Mebbe I kin tell yer now, Hilda, how much I love yer.

HILDA: That'd be fine, Eben. *(Punches herself on the jaw. Eben kisses her and they both cry.)*

(Ezra enters.)

EZRA: Cold, ain't it?

HILDA: Cold.

EBEN: Cold.

EBEN: Want anything, Ezra?

EZRA: Nothin', Eben. Nothin' but the wind across the hills.

EBEN: You'll get that outside, Ezra.

HILDA: Outside.

EZRA: Wall, I'll be goin'.

(Exit Ezra.)

EBEN: Well, Hilda?

HILDA: Well, Eben?

A shot is heard outside, indicating that Ezra has killed himself or one of the horses. Eben and Hilda embrace, moaning with despair.

Curtain

It wouldn't take a play jury long to decide which of these plays was harmful to public morality and which was a genuine piece of creative work. And the public discussion of the subject would probably make a big hit out of the second play. The first would have been a hit from the start. But there ought to be some better way of rendering a frank play innocuous and fit to be witnessed by the tenderer and more susceptible section of the theatre-going public. Since the trouble lies in the dialogue, why not utilize those little ruses which are used in family conversations to hide words which should not be spoken? Who could object to the following scene?

The play is called "FREIGHT ON BOARD." The hero has been discovered bringing the morning papers up to the room of his employer's wife. There has been a scene in which the employer accuses the hero of looking at the sporting section of the paper before delivering it. The hero has denied doing this, but does admit that he opened the paper slightly

to peek in and see what the weather was going to be. This so enrages the employer that he calls his wife into the room to see what kind of man her lover is.

HUSBAND: Look, Martha, I want you to see just what kind of man your you-know is.

WIFE: My you-know? You are crazy, Paul. I am true to you.

HUSBAND: Don't lie to me, you whad-ye-call it, you! You're no better than a common so-and-so.

WIFE: So that's all the gratitude I get for all that I have been to you.

HUSBAND: What can you expect when you Number 14?

WIFE: I have *not* Number 14ed.

HUSBAND: You lie! My spies have kept me posted.

WIFE: You thingamabob!

HUSBAND: Thingamabob, perhaps, but at any rate not a how-now.

WIFE: Well, Paul, you are forcing me to tell you something that I had not planned on telling for a while yet.

HUSBAND: What are you driving at?

WIFE: Can't you guess?

HUSBAND: You don't mean—?

WIFE: We are—going—to—have—a—whatziz.

Curtain (*as they embrace*)

EVOLUTION SIDELIGHTS

Showing Nature's Way of Taking Care of Her Young

ONE of the most fascinating chapters in the story of Evolution is that in which we see animals of a certain type change, through the ages, into animals of quite a different type, through a process of the survival of the fittest and adaptation to environment. These are pretty big words, I am afraid, but before we are through you will see what they mean, or you will take a sock on the nose.

Thus we learn that our present-day sheep, from whose warm blanket our silk socks are made, was once, in the early, early days of the earth, a member of the hermit-crab family. It was during the Palæozoic Age, before the great glaciers had swept down over the land leaving their trail of empty tins and old shoes, even before the waters had receded from the earth. So you can see how long ago it was! Just years and years.

Well, anyway, the hermit-crab of the Palæozoic Era lived in the slime and sulked. He didn't like being a hermit-crab. He didn't see any future in it.

And, as the sun beat down on the earth, and the waters gradually receded, the crab was left high and dry on the beach and little Palæozoic children built forts on him. This got him pretty sore.

Now as the centuries went by and the sun continued to beat down on the earth, the color of the mud changed from reddish brown to a dirty gray. Formerly, the crabs who were reddish brown had been more or less hidden in the reddish-brown mud, but now they stood out like a rainy Thursday, and it was the dirty-gray crabs who were protected from the onslaughts of the hordes of crab-devouring mantes which came down from the mountains. Gradually the red crabs became extinct, and the gray crabs, through their protective coloring, survived. The red crabs that you see today are a new batch, and anyway, don't ask questions.

The next step was ages and ages later, when the crab, in order to get food, began to stretch himself out to get to the grass which grew up along the edge of the beach. He also wanted to take a crack at this running business he had heard so much about. So, in another hundred million years, or, at any rate, a good long time, these crabs had developed teeth with which to pull up grass and chew it, and four legs on which to run. By this time it was late in April.

We finally see these four-legged herbivorous crabs who had managed to survive the rigors of the seasons, running, as sheep will, farther and farther north, where the weather grew colder and colder. This made it necessary for them to develop some protective covering, and those lucky crabs who were able to work themselves up into a sort of wool were the ones who stood the climate. The others froze to death and became soldiers' monuments.

And that is how Nature took care of the hermit-crab and turned him into a sheep.

The same thing happens right under our very eyes today, only quicker. Nature has endowed certain animals with the power to change color at a second's notice, and thus elude pursuers. Of course, a simpler way for such animals would be to stay in the house all the time and make faces out the window at their enemies, but some of them, like the horse, simply have to go out-of-doors occasionally on business, and it is then that their ability to change coloring comes in so handy.

Having taken the horse as an example, we may as well continue. Professor Rossing, in his book, "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?" reports a case of a man who was chasing a bay mare to try to make her eat her breakfast. He had chased her all around the yard, both of them laughing so hard they could

scarcely run. Suddenly, the mare, deciding that there had been enough of this foolishness, drew up alongside a red-brick silo, and ducking her head slightly, changed coloring in an instant, taking on exactly the shade and markings of the brick surface. Her pursuer was dumfounded, thinking that the mare had disappeared into thin air. As he drew near to the silo, to examine what he felt sure must be a trap-door in the side, the mare romped away again, startling him so that he dropped the feed-bag, and the chase was over. The mare, with Nature's aid, had won. How many of us can say the same?

HERE COME THE CHILDREN

MANY parents are confronted this month by the problem of homing children. Just as you have got the house picked up after Thanksgiving, the private schools and colleges let their charges loose again for two or three weeks because of Christmas or some such pretext, and before you know it Spencer and Beth and eight or ten of their little playmates land on you, palpitating for entertainment. What, as the question runs, to do?

There was a time when all you had to do to entertain the kiddies was to string some festoons of red paper from the chandelier to the corners of the table and cry "Surprise, surprise!" when they came into the room. Then perhaps some of those godawful snapping arrangements with paper hats and mottoes concealed inside a percussion cap would throw the young folks into such a state of excitement that they couldn't eat for a week afterward. Those who were able to stand up after this enervating sport were allowed to indulge their sex appetites in a game of "Post-Office." And when their parents came for them at a quarter to nine, it was voted that a de-

lirious time had been had and thank you very much, Mrs. Hosmer.

But if you want to hear the merry sound of children's mocking laughter, just try one of those parties on them today. The chances are that they will start throwing rolls and olive pits at you and leave the house with curses on their lips. The children who are coming home from school today for the holidays are built of sterner stuff. They want red meat. The holidays mean to them something like what King Manuel of Portugal used to go off on when he would disappear from home and not show up for ten days.

In view of this change in standards of entertainment, it would perhaps be well to line up a few ways of keeping the young folks happy while they are in our midst celebrating the Nativity. For, after all, we must keep in touch with the children, because some day they will get all of Grandma's money.

This is one of the most successful entertainments for boys and girls just home from the exacting confinement of school. It is called a "Paul Jones" party, because Paul Jones was a notorious souse. It was even whispered at one time that he was the father of the American navy, but no one was ever able to prove it.

In order to prepare the house for this party, it

will be necessary to take down all the pictures and draperies and move all the furniture out. The corners in every room should be banked and a tarpaulin stretched over the floors.

A lemonade should be prepared, consisting of lemon juice, gin, vermouth, bitters, and a little crushed mint. For the older children something with bacardi is nice, or perhaps, if they are children from the neighborhood whom you know very well, just straight Scotch.

Begin the party at 11:30, which will give them time to go to the theatre first. Do not be discouraged at their scornful air as they enter the house. They are that way to everybody. The lemonade will soon fix that, and before the evening is over they may warm up to the extent of coming over and speaking to you personally.

Paul Whiteman's orchestra should have been imported from New York for the occasion and should be made to play continuously. Nothing short of Paul Whiteman's will do, and if even they aren't playing their best, considerable comment will be elicited from the tiny guests.

After sufficient dancing has been indulged in, the big game of the evening may be suggested. The company is divided into couples and each couple is provided with a high-powered roadster. Starting in

relays from the porte-cochère, they should be sent off in different directions. The idea of the game is to see which couple can stay out the longest. The winners will be presented with a marriage license and their flat silver.

“HOWDY, NEIGHBOR!”

AMONG the inhabitants of North America there is a queer tribal custom which persists in spite of being universally unpopular. Its technical name is “paying a call.” The women of the tribe are its chief priests, but once in a while the men are roped in on it and it is then that the lamentations and groans may be heard even in the surrounding villages.

Among the women-folk the procedure is as follows: The one who is to “pay a call” puts on what she considers her most effective regalia, collects ten or a dozen engraved cards bearing her name and twice that number bearing her husband’s (he doesn’t even know that he *has* any cards, let alone that they are being thrown around the neighborhood every Wednesday afternoon), and sets out with the bit between her teeth.

The idea is to call on as many other women as she thinks will not be at home. Ringing the doorbell at each house on her list, she inquires of the maid if her mistress is in. On receiving a favorable answer (“No”) she drops the required number of



GUYAS
WILLIAMS

On receiving a favorable answer one drops the required number of cards.

cards and runs down the street to her car or bicycle or whatever she came in, and rushes off at top speed lest the maid should suddenly discover that her mistress is at home after all. The chances are, however, that the maid has had instructions to say "no" from the lady of the house herself, who is at that moment standing at the head of the stairs waiting for the door to shut.

The social amenities having been satisfied in this manner at perhaps ten other houses, the caller returns home, where she sinks into a chair, pulls off her gloves, and sighs: "Thank Heaven, *that's* done!"

It is on those rare occasions when the men of the tribe are impressed into service in this paying of calls that the thing assumes its most horrible aspect. Let us take a peek into a typical celebration of the rite.

The man returns home from the office at night, all set for an evening with a motor-boat catalog in front of the fire.

"I thought we might run up and call on the Grim-sers tonight. We've owed them a call for a long time now."

"The Grimsers?" queries the husband.

"Yes, you know them. He's the little short man we saw in the drug-store the other night. She is quite pleasant, but rather fast, I understand. She told me

that her husband was very anxious to know you better."

"What is he—in the insurance business?"

"No, he isn't. He's a very nice man. And *she* is just mad about you. 'Mrs. Tomlin,' she said to me, 'you don't mean to tell me that that nice-looking husband of yours is forty years old! He looks about twenty-five. And such nice hair!'"

"Well," says the husband, not unmoved by this bit of strategy, "I suppose if we must, we must. Do I have to get dressed up?"

And so they start out for a call on the Grimser, with whom they have no more in common than the same milkman.

Their reception is more or less formal in tone, as the Grimser had planned on going to bed early, Mr. Grimser even having gone so far as his dressing-gown.

"Do sit over here," urges Mrs. Grimser, indicating her husband's favorite cavity in the corner of the divan, "that rocker is so uncomfortable."

"It just suits me," lies Mrs. Tomlin. "Ed says that he is glad that I like chairs like this, as it leaves all the comfortable ones in the house for him."

Everyone looks at Ed as the author of this pleasantry, and there is general, albeit extremely moderate laughter.

"Well, did you ever see such weather?" This

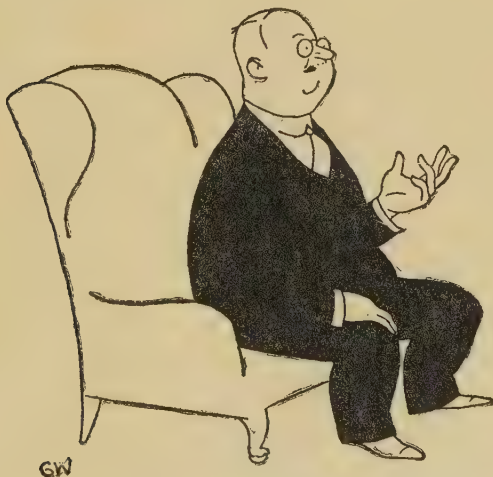
might come from anybody. In fact, two or three are likely to say it at once. This leads to an account on the part of Mrs. Grimser of what the dampness has done to her jelly in the cellar, and a story by Mrs. Tomlin illustrating how hard it is to keep a maid contented during a rainy spell. Mr. Tomlin leads off with one he heard at the club about the farmer who prayed for rain, but noticing a sudden tightening of his wife's lips accompanied by a warning tapping of her right foot, he gathers that probably Mrs. Grimser's father was a clergyman or something, and trails his story off into a miserable series of noises.

This is a signal for Mrs. Grimser to say: "I just know that you men are dying to get off in a corner and talk to each other. Harry, why don't you show Mr. Grimser the plans for the new garage?"

The two men are then isolated on a window-seat, where they smoke and try to think up something to say next. Mr. Tomlin, knowing nothing about blueprints and caring less about the Grimser's garage, is forced to bend over the sheets and ask unintelligent questions, cooing appreciatively now and then to show that he is getting it. They finally are reduced to checking up on mutual acquaintances in the automobile business, summarizing each new find with: "Yes, sir, George is a great old scout," or

"Yes, sir, Nick is a great old scout." Everyone possible having been classified as a great old scout, they just sit and puff in silence, frankly talked out.

The ladies, in the meantime, have been carrying on much the same sort of line, except that each has



Trails his story off into a miserable series of noises.

her eye out for details outside the conversation. Mrs. Grimser is trying to make out just how Mrs. Tomlin's transformation is tied on, and Mrs. Tomlin is making mental notes of the material in Mrs. Grimser's under-curtains. Given nothing to talk about, women can make a much more convincing

stab at it than men. To hear them from a distance, you might almost think that they were really saying something.



They just sit and puff in silence, frankly talked out.

When all the contestants are completely worn out and the two men reduced to a state of mental inertia bordering on death, Mrs. Tomlin brightens up and says that they must be going. This throws a great

wave of relief over the company, and Mr. Tomlin jumps to his feet and says that he'll run ahead and see if the engine is working all right. The Grimsers very cautiously suggest that it is early yet, but unless the Tomlins are listening very carefully (which they are not) they will not hear it.

Then, all the way home, Mrs. Tomlin suggests that Mr. T. might be a little more agreeable to her friends when they go out of an evening, and Mr. Tomlin wants to know what the hell he did that was wrong.

"You know very well what you did that was wrong, and besides, what a story to start telling in front of Mrs. Grimser!"

"What story?"

"The one about the farmer who prayed for rain."

"What's the matter with that story?"

"You know very well what's the matter with it. You seem to think when you are out with my friends that you are down in the locker-room with George Herbert."

"I wish to God I *was* down in the locker-room with George Herbert."

"Oh, you make me sick."

The rest of the ride home is given over to a stolid listening to the chains clanking on the pavement as the wheels go round.

This is known in the tribe life of North America as being "neighborly," and a whole system has been built up on the tradition. Some day a prophet is going to arise out of some humble family and say, "What's the use?" and the whole thing is going to topple over with a crash and everyone is going to be a lot happier.

HOLIDAY! HOLIDAY!

A Christmas Story

THE hot sun beat down on the Plaza. Little Miguel O'Rourke felt terrible. Those *hijos!* That old *caballerizo!* He should never have touched them. They were not meant for little boys five years old. But on the night before the Feast of the Seven Mittens one must do something, even if it is only to kill one's uncle and throw his legs away. August was the month of the Feast of the Seven Mittens, and August is the month of love the world over.

Suddenly Miguel was awakened by a rough shout, and looking behind him he saw a lumberjack who had evidently lost his way. The poor thing was so frightened that he was darting back and forth, not knowing whether he was afoot, horseback, or good red herring. Lumberjacks usually live in Maine, you know, and here it was nearly half-past eight.

"Where are you going, Doctor Melcher?" asked Miguel. Miguel always called strangers "Doctor Melcher" because it was Doctor Melcher who had once given him that nasty medicine.

The rough old lumberjack looked down at the little boy. "Wa-a-ll, pardner," he said, "I ain't



"Wa-a-ll, pardner, I ain't much on sentiment."

much on sentiment, as you ought to know by this time, but it just kinder seemed to me that I ought to bring something to Little Wheel-Dust, the golden-haired daughter of my old side-kick who was left with me for dead that night eleven years ago in the old shack in Calgary."

So saying, the old miner pulled out of his pocket a tiny torpedo with "I Love You" painted on it. "It's for Little Wheel-Dust," he said simply, and fainted.

Now this was a trying situation for a young lad of Miguel O'Rourke's age, whatever it was. To be left with a torpedo would be bad enough, but to have an old lumberjack lying in the hot sun of the Plaza was unthinkable. And on St. Valentine's Day, too!

Little Miguel sat sorrowfully by the tiny pile of faded flowers which had once been men like himself. "Thanksgiving," he murmured. "I wish I had some cozy home to go to on this day of all days. I wish I had some turkey."

Hardly had he spoken when with a great swish a rug appeared before him on which was seated a little old man in the uniform of a Chief Petty Officer.

"I have just heard your wish, Little Orson," he said.

"Little Miguel," corrected Miguel.

"Little Miguel," said the C. P. O.

"My mother's name was Orson," he explained,

"Ruth Orson; and every Eastertide I find myself calling people 'Orson.'"

"That's quite all right," said Miguel; "my mother's name was Ruth Orson, too, so I know



"My mother's name was Ruth Orson, too."

how it is." And he smiled a crooked little smile.

"I have just heard your wish, Orson," continued the little old man, "your wish that you might have a Thanksgiving turkey, and so I hopped on my rug right away to come and tell you that we haven't got a turkey left in the house. How about a little roast-beef? It's very nice today."

"I would love some roast-beef," said Miguel, "if you will see to it that all the pits are taken out first. I choked on a pit once."

"Before we go," said the C. P. O., "I want you to make sure that you are dressed warmly enough. Remember what day it is, and in all your merrymaking don't forget that you are alive and happy today because one hundred and fifty years ago now your great-great-grandfather and his brave associates met in Philadelphia and drew up that document which was to establish liberty in America and insure you and me against tyranny from an English king. I think that the least we can do before opening up the bottle is to bow our heads and think very hard for three minutes on the bravery and devotion of Amerigo Vespucci."

And, as they stood with tears streaming down their little faces, suddenly a clash and clang of chimes rang out on the frosty air and the glorious

cadence of "*Integer Vitæ*" filled their very being with its grandeur.

"A Merry Christmas," said the little old man.

"And a Merry Christmas to *you*, too," said Little Miguel.

Clash—clang! Clash—clang!



GW

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